The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 55. Vol. X. APRIL, 1896. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May *in the* June *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

There is danger ahead in the matter of American copyright. It is well known that the last American Copyright Bill is not liked by many parties in America. In fact, its passing was a surprise. Mr. Treloar, of Missouri, has introduced a new Copyright Bill into the House of Representatives to provide for the Commission on Copyrights, and to revise the Copyright Law. The provisions which apply to English authors and publishers are somewhat obscure. They insist in the strongest manner on all manufacture taking place in the United States. The New York *Publishers' Weekly* says that by restricting copyright still more closely within the limits of manufacture and citizenship, the Bill seems to compel any foreign author to assign his work to a resident in the United States to obtain copyright, and this at one blow strikes down all the reciprocal arrangements upon which our present international copyright method is based. This restriction is not a direct statement in the Bill, but seems a necessary inference from its phraseology in section thirteen and also in section thirty-four, that the resident's address in America implies restriction to the residents of this country. The *Publishers' Weekly* considers that the Bill is dangerous and revolutionary in the extreme. As to its prospect of passing, we have as yet no authoritative information.

We understand that the Rev. Silas Hocking, whose works of fiction have attained a very large circulation, is to start a sixpenny magazine.

We regret to hear that Mr. Sidney Colvin has had to undergo a somewhat serious operation, and will be unable to undertake any work for the next two months.

Mr. Lang has made great progress with his "Life of Lockhart." It will, we believe, be found a work of the highest interest. It will be published at first in an expensive form in two volumes. We regret to hear that Mr. Lang has sustained a severe bereavement by the death of his brother in New Zealand.

Mr. Crockett's new book, "Cleg Kelly," was originally suggested by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson appreciated the sketches of Slum Life in Edinburgh published in the "Stickit Minister," and advised Mr. Crockett to develop the subject, and make a book of it.

Mr. Crockett has gone on a visit to Holland with a view to studying the scenery for his next work, "Lochinvar." The scene is laid in the Frisian cities Leeuwarden and Groningen, and the time is 1685. As is well known, these cities were great resorts for Scottish refugees, owing to the prevalence of Calvinistic opinions among their inhabitants. Mr. Crockett's new book is written from the Cavalier standpoint. It will be commenced in the *Christian World* for January.

Mr. Whistler is to do a drawing of Mr. Crockett which will appear as a frontispiece to a special edition of his next book, "The Grey Man."

Mr. William Blackwood, the well-known publisher, who has been spending the winter in Egypt, returned to England about the last week in March. Mr. Blackwood has derived great benefit from his stay abroad.

The second volume of the new edition of Robert Chambers' Life of Burns will probably appear next month. We hear that Mr. Wallace has obtained and incorporated in this volume a considerable amount of fresh information as to the amatory relations of the poet.

Mr. Stephen Crane, who scored so great a success in "The Red Badge of Courage," is at present in New York. He has just signed an agreement with Mr. McClure to write for *McClure's Magazine* on a salary.

It has only just been finally decided that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's new daily paper shall be sold for a halfpenny. Mr. Harmsworth intends to give six pages for the money, and his line will be that of the younger and more militant Tories. He is at present in Scotland, but he returns almost immediately to resume charge of the enterprise. He will be his own editor—for the time, at any rate.

At the annual meeting of Messrs. Cassell and Co., which was presided over by the Right Hon. W. H. Fowler, it was announced that the accounts of the Company showed a profit of £31,561 14s. 9d. for the year ending December 31st, 1895. A dividend for the year has been paid of 8⅓ per cent. This absorbs £21,049 12s. 10d. £20,000 of four per cent. debentures have been issued to take the place of £15,000 of six per cent. debentures now paid off, and for other general purposes of the Company. The chairman said that they would observe that the profits for the past year were somewhat less than those of the preceding year. He could tell them that a very large outlay had been charged, and he thought wisely charged, by the directors to the revenue of the year, and the result of that outlay would be seen in a few years. The directors, however, thought it

would not be a sound policy on their part to anticipate these results until they were actually realised. As every one present knew, there was great competition in the publishing trade, more especially perhaps in the publication of magazines. The directors had felt it their duty to incur a considerable outlay in keeping their publications in the front rank, and that should not be charged to capital account, but should be charged, as it had been, to income account. Although they had reason during the past year to be thoroughly satisfied with the pecuniary commercial success in a large number of their works, there were two or three of those publications which were not quite so successful as had been anticipated, and the directors had decided to deal with them by wiping them out of the books of the Company. The increased outlay, and the fact of having to deal with some of those losses which were not anticipated, accounted for the difference in the amount of the profits. On the debtor's side of the account, the shareholders would observe that the debenture issue, which formerly stood at £90,000, was this year £105,000. There would be a further increase of debentures as the various enterprises of the Company necessitated. But the directors, in common with others, had also had to face the necessity of improved machinery, which would prove of advantage to the Company in the future.

At the last meeting of the Publishers' Association, Mr. C. K. Longman was appointed President, receiving twenty-one votes, while Mr. Murray received twelve, and Mr. F. Macmillan seven. For the Vice-Presidency Mr. Murray was elected, receiving twenty-seven votes, while Mr. Macmillan received twelve. Mr. Macmillan was appointed Treasurer, receiving twenty-one votes. Mr. R. B. Marston had twelve. The following firms were elected on the Council :—Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., mith, Elder and Co., Richard Bentley and Son, W. Heinemann, W. Blackwood and Sons, George Bell and Sons, A. D. Innes and Co., Cassell and Co., Fisher Unwin, Chapman and Hall.

M. Paul Renouard, the famous black and white artist, is attending the gallery of the House of Commons. He is doing a series of sketches for a magazine. M. Renouard does not know English, but gets on fairly well by the help of English journalists.

Within the next few days Mr. Heinemann will issue an English translation of Max Nordau's "Paradoxes," which is considered by the author the best of his writings. In it will be found some startling explanations of various physiological phenomena, such as genius, ideas of beauty, symmetry, love, etc., and one of the essays is devoted to the part that suggestion plays in human life. The translation is by Mr. J. R. M'Ilwraith, M.A., LL.D., barrister-at-law, who is a Glasgow man. An introduction has been specially written for the volume by Nordau himself.

Mr. M'Ilwraith has translated from the German the Letters of Von Moltke to his wife and other relations. It will be in two volumes octavo, and Mr. M'Ilwraith has had the assistance of Von Moltke's nephew in the translation. It will contain some notes and portraits which have never before been published. There is much criticism, favourable and unfavourable, of this country in the letters. Von Moltke paid four visits to England in company with the late Emperor Frederick, and was a guest both at Windsor and Balmoral. His wife was a Miss Burt, of Colton, near Lichfield.

Downey and Co., Limited, was registered on February 21st, with a capital of £10,000 in ninety-nine ordinary shares of £100 each, and a hundred management shares of £1 each, to acquire and carry on the business of a publisher and bookseller, carried on by Mr. E. Downey as Downey and Co., 12, York Street, Covent Garden, and to adopt a certain agreement.

Much interest will be taken in the announcement that Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, of the *Spectator*, has undertaken the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and that the price of the periodical is to be raised to one shilling, as in the days of Thackeray, Greenwood, and Leslie Stephen. The experiment will be watched with very great interest. It is understood that a high literary level will be aimed at. We venture to think that the real vacancy among English magazines at present is for a periodical of the type of the *Century* or *Harper's*, published at one shilling.

Mr. Edward Markwick, whose novel of adventure, "The City of Gold," was published last month by the Tower Publishing Company, was for many years a leader-writer on the staff of the *Morning Post*. He did much excellent journalistic work, too, for the *St. James's Gazette* when Mr. Frederick Greenwood was editing it, and is still writing for that paper. Mr. Markwick's contributions have appeared in nearly all the leading magazines and reviews, but "The City of Gold" is his first long novel. He was, by the way, one of the original proprietors of *Answers*.

Mr. W. R. Williams has in preparation the Parliamentary History of Herefordshire from the earliest times to the present day, 1213-1896. It contains an exhaustive treatment of the subject, and gives very full biographical, historical, and genealogical notices of the members. Mr. T. Carver, of Hereford, is the agent, and the price is half-a-guinea. Only two hundred copies will be printed.

Mr. Robert Buchanan informs us that his works, with one or two exceptions, are now published by himself at 36, Gerard Street, Shaftesbury Avenue.

Miss Fiona Macleod's new book will be published by Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues early in May. It will consist of two divisions, viz., Legendary Moralities, of semi-Christian, semi-pagan character, and "Seanachas," or Barbaric Tales. Among the former are "The Three Marvels of Hy," dealing with the life of St. Columba in Hy (Iona), and the "Shadow Seers," dealing with second-sight episodes.

The new illustrated edition of the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," which Messrs. Seeley and Co. announced for publication last autumn, is now ready, and will be issued to the public next week. The

illustrations, which, besides etchings and photogravure plates, include many vignettes in the text, are all quite new, having been made specially for the book by Mr. T. Hamilton Crawford, of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society.

Messrs. Seeley and Co. have also in the press a new book entitled "Animals at Work and Play: their Emotions and Activities," by Mr. C. J. Cornish, whose "Life at the Zoo" was so favourably received by the public two years ago. Also a new historical story by Mrs. Marshall, the circumstances of which are laid in the Jacobite Rising of 1715.

The next number of the *Portfolio*, which will be published on April 15th, deals with the work of the well-known American artist, Mr. John La Farge, of whose works there was an exhibition held in Paris in the summer of last year. The illustrations are drawn largely from Mr. La Farge's designs for stained glass and other decorative work, and also from his sketches in the South Sea Islands.

Mr. E. C. Stedman has given up his house in New York, and is building a country place at a village called Bronxville. Mrs. Riggs, better known as Kate Douglas Wiggin, lives there, and so does Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, long the clever representative of Mr. McClure in Paris, has written a new biography of Madame Roland, which will soon be published by the Scribners. It is said to contain much new and hitherto inaccessible material, and it will be fully illustrated.

The American papers gleefully quote from the very clever article on Mr. W. W. Astor published recently in the *Speaker*. It was written, we believe, by Mr. L. F. Austin.

We understand that it is, to say the least, doubtful whether Mr. Cust will start a new paper in London. The success of the penny evening press of the metropolis has not been so great as to encourage rash adventure in this direction.

Professor Matthews has published an Introduction to American Literature. He states that the leading literary events of 1895 were the publication of Fuller's "With the Procession," Howells' "My Literary Passions," Roosevelt's and Lodge's "Hero Tales of American Histories," and Stockton's "Captain Horn." The *Nation* says, "This seems primarily designed to show how far we have got on since, say, 1841, when such crude pioneers as Cooper, Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell were all we had to boast of in the publishers' lists."

Henri Rochefort's "Aventures de ma Vie," the first volume of which was recently published in Paris, reached its eleventh edition within five days—one of the greatest popular successes of recent years.

Mr. Richard Arden Davies has gone to Russia to write on the Coronation of the Czar for a New York journal. He will visit Greece in the interest of the same paper, to describe for its columns the revival of the ancient Greek games that are to be played under the patronage of the King of Greece at Athens.

The translation of Dr. Unna's work on "The Histopathology of the Diseases of the Skin" has been executed, with the assistance of the author, by Dr. Norman Walker, of Edinburgh, and will be published by Mr. W. F. Clay. The work will be fully illustrated.

Mr. Alfred Cooper, of Charing Cross Road, is to publish 250 copies of the life of John Leland, the first English antiquary, with extensive notes and a bibliography of his works, including those in manuscript. There are many items of interest in the notes which appear to be new. The account is for the first time published from a manuscript formerly in the magnificent collection formed by the late Sir Thomas Phillips, and the authorship has been attributed to Edward Burton, who is several times mentioned by Hearne in his diary.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. will publish Mr. Lucy's "Diary of the Home Rule Parliament" almost immediately. They will issue also, at an early date, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's "Adventures in Criticism," being a reprint of his admirably done causeries from the *Speaker*.

Mr. Seymour Lucas, who is illustrating Mr. Stanley Weyman's Christmas story for the *Graphic*, declares that it is the finest short story he ever read.

Mr. Louis Beck's new volume of South Sea stories, "The Ebb Tide," will be published by Mr. Unwin in May.

"Leaves from the Life of an Eminent Fossil," the new volume of the Autonym Library, by Mr. Dutton Burrard, will be published shortly. It is a humorous story of subaltern life.

The poems and sonnets, mostly lyrical, of an Irish magistrate, Mr. J. A. Osborne, are to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. They are on many subjects, and most of them were written nearly fifty years ago.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will shortly publish an important book entitled "The Antichrist Legend; a chapter in Christian and Jewish Folklore," translated from the German of Herr Bousset by Mr. A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S., late vice-president of the Anthropological Institute. The author speaks of his book as an indispensable preliminary essay on the subject, and he hopes to find time for a comprehensive eschatology of the Christian Church. Mr. Keane contributes a prologue on the origin of the Babylonian dragon myth.

The new volume in the Zeitgeist Library (Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.) will be by A. Garry, entitled "Out of Bounds," being the adventures of an unadventurous young man.

The next of the series of half-a-crown volumes of fiction, which has just been started by Mr. Fisher Unwin, will be a new collection of short stories by W. Clark Russell, entitled "The Honour of the Flag." They are, of course, stories of adventure on board ship. A rather unique experience with a tiger is one of them. Mr. Russell is one of the few writers of long books who carefully cultivate the art of writing short stories.

At this season Mr. Unwin is publishing three or four interesting volumes in fiction. The first is entitled, "The Statement of Stella Maberley. By Herself." It is said that the publishers have undertaken to conceal the author's identity at present. It is a clever book and must attract the literary world. The curiosity of the book lies in the fact that it will be a puzzle whether it is an autobiography, or whether it is an extraordinary imitation of autobiography. Another volume of the same set will be Gyp's new French novel, under the English title of "Ginette's Happiness." Mr. Unwin is also publishing a powerful story, "Paul Hensius," by Kora Lyster. This is by a new writer. It is a study in German vanity, as exemplified in the hero, Paul Hensius.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has not parted company with the publishers altogether. Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing two new novels of his, "Marriage by Capture," in the Autonym Library, and a six-shilling volume, "Effie Hetherington." The latter is one of the longest of his novels, and has a Scotch local colouring.

The first edition of Annie S. Swan's (Mrs. Burnett Smith) new novel, "The Memories of Margaret Grainger, Schoolmistress," will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. It will consist of 5,000 copies. It has twelve full-page illustrations by Mr. D. Murray Smith. The same firm will also issue in May a story by the same authoress, entitled "Kinsfolk."

Mr. Fisher Unwin is bringing out a series of little novels at sixpence. One of them will be written by Ellen F. Pinsett, the author of that excellent little book, "Jenny's Case." Mr. Fisher Unwin announces that his Autonym, Pseudonym, and Century Libraries are all in print, and that he has planned to issue new volumes in each during the coming season. But the host of imitators has compelled him to strike out a new line in form and price. Over 500 manuscripts have been read in the selection of the first seven, and we have no doubt that the new series will do credit to the publisher's well-established judgment.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

February 24th to March 21st, 1896.

At the commencement of this period "the trade" were fairly busy, but a considerable falling off is now apparent in home business. The issue of some very popular works has kept it from dropping to a very low level. Orders from the colonies have been much heavier, and foreign business is satisfactory.

Lent books, as hinted last month, duly gave place to novels. The sale of the latter class of book is as great as ever, as may be judged from the fact that something like 20,000 copies of "Cleg Kelly" and 30,000 copies of "A Mighty Atom" were taken up by the trade in the first instance. Short stories are again coming into favour.

The publication of new books and new editions shows little decrease. About 800 have been brought out during the last month. It is computed that ten per cent. of the new issues are six-shilling novels, but what becomes of them all is a mystery. From this it is evident that to stock a bookseller's shop needs a considerable amount of literary discrimination.

The approach of the Easter holidays has caused inquiry for holiday guides, whose season now commences. With the advent of fine weather, works on gardening are in good request, Saunders' "Encyclopædia of Gardening" being very popular.

The demand for school books, which now drops for a time, has been a good one. During the last few years the improvements in the production of the books themselves has been very marked.

The anxiety recently caused by our relations with foreign powers has produced considerable inquiry for good atlases, and especially maps of South Africa, works, old or new, on this country being eagerly enquired for.

Naval publications are again in the front. The "Naval Pocket Book" and "Ironclads in Action" are selling freely, and great interest is shown in the parts of the "Navy and Army" as they appear.

Two or three lives of Dr. Jameson are announced, and already are in demand in anticipation of issue. As, however, that portion of his life in which most interest is taken is at present *sub judice*, the public are not likely to be satisfied with all that can be provided for them at the moment.

There is a class of literature which is not often referred to in this report, but which is bought in considerable quantities. For want of a better name it may be described as the "self-doctoring" manual. Davies' "Health and Condition," Kneipp's (Cold) "Water Cure," and Salisbury's (Hot) "Water Cure," may be quoted as examples. These works are an exception, but many of the class are little better than advertisements of various systems of treatment.

Among magazines the *New Review*, with its articles on South African questions, has considerably increased its sales. Other periodicals continue much as usual.

With regard to the appended list of the leading works of the hour, it may be remarked that novels still lead, and will probably continue to do so. The 3s. 6d. edition of Mrs. Craik's works is very much liked. Marie Corelli, Dr. Conan Doyle, S. R. Crockett—these are the three favourites of fiction at present.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
A Lady of Quality. By Frances H. Burnett. 6s.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. 2s. 6d. net. and 3s. net.
The Real Lady Hilda. By B. M. Croker. 3s. 6d.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
John Halifax. By Mrs. Craik. 3s. 6d.
Life of Cardinal Manning. By E. S. Purcell. 30s. net.
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By Slatin Bey. 21s. net.
South Africa. By W. B. Worsfold. 6s.
In the Evening of his Days (W. E. Gladstone). 2s. 6d.
Life of Right Hon. J. Chamberlain. By S. H. Jeyes. 3s. 6d.
A Wandering Scholar in the Levant. By D. G. Hogarth. 7s. 6d.
For His Sake: Elsie Marshall. 2s.

Encyclopædia of Gardening. By T. W. Saunders. 3s. 6d.
Absolute Surrender. By Andrew Murray. 2s. 6d.
Glimpses of my Life. By Countess Schimmelmann. 5s.
Health and Condition. By N. E. Davies. 3s. 6d.
My Will (Water Cure). By S. Kneipp. 6s.
Christianity and History. By A. Harnack. 1s. 6d. net.
The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Feb. 29, 1896.—Business a little brisker; decidedly good for the season. Foreign and colonial trade looking up.
Mar. 7 „ —A rather dull week, with light orders. Colonial trade much heavier, and foreign good.
„ 14 „ —Trade still very quiet, with slight improvement at end of week. Foreign and colonial departments still busy.
„ 21 „ —Business a little better, but very quiet at cloes. Colonial and foreign trade easing somewhat.

POETRY.

BROWN EYES—A FANCY.

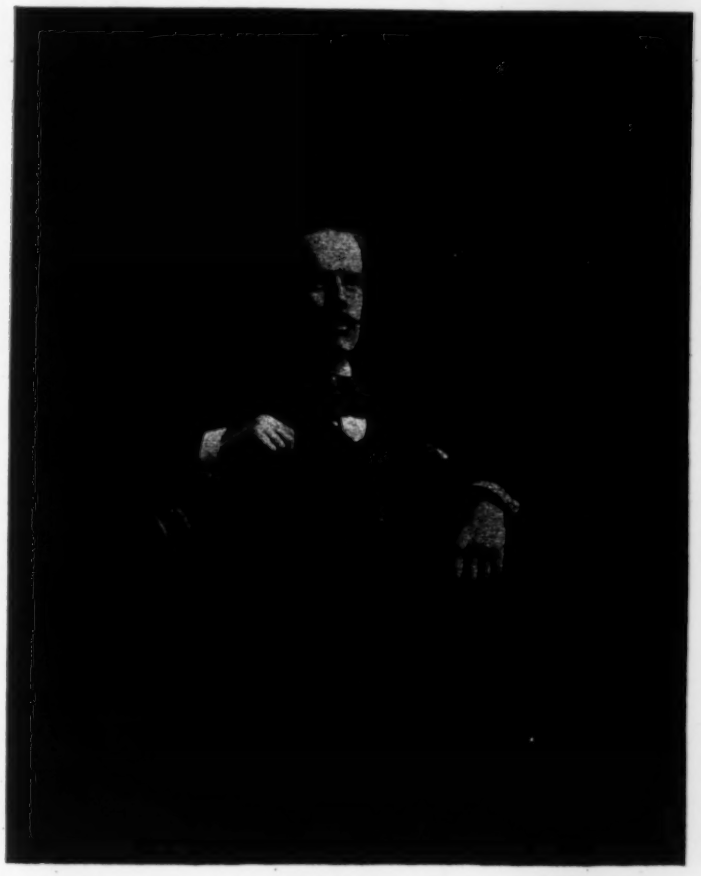
Her dreamy eyes are deep
As the fathomless eyes of sleep,
And will no love declare,
Nor laugh nor weep;
And daring souls who dive
Into the water brown,
To win the secrets there,
Sink and drown,
Or else are chained alive
A thousand fathoms down.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

NEW WRITERS.

NEIL MUNRO.

MR. NEIL MUNRO, the author of "The Lost Pibroch," just published by Messrs. Blackwood, is thirty-two years of age. He was born in Inveraray. His people for centuries had been shepherds and farmers in Glenaray, and on the shores of Loch Awe. He went to school at five, and remained till twelve, paying little heed to the ordinary studies. His prospect was at first that of herding on sheep hills or working in the harvest field, and thinning turnips for the Duke of Argyle. Through the influence of the parish minister, however, he was transferred from the harvest field to the office of the Sheriff Clerk of the county. But the law was not for him. He wrote imitations of the "Lady of the Lake" and Grant's "Romance of War" in local papers, and the result was a short connection with the Greenock *Advertiser*. After the death of that paper he came to Glasgow, and joined the staff of the *Evening News*, with which he is still connected. Four years or so after, he began to write to the "turnover" column of the *Globe* on Scotch and other subjects, and Mr. Locker, the then editor, pressed him to contribute more frequently than he did. He often enjoyed the rare felicity of reading sharp criticisms of his Scotch articles in Northern papers. The first story he wrote was "The Secret of the Heather Ale," which was sent to the *Speaker*, and accepted. He then sent to Mr. W. E. Henley "The Red Hand," and was astonished at the flattering way he spoke of it after its publication in the *National Observer* in May, 1893. About the same time, Mr. Blackwood sent him back a story with such kind and encouraging words that its rejection was honestly more gratifying than acceptance and a cheque would have been. "Send me anything else you do," he said, in concluding his letter, and Mr. Munro sent him "Shudderman Soldier." This was the beginning of his connection with Maga and the firm of Blackwood. It took him nearly a twelvemonth to put the "Lost Pibroch" together. Mr. Munro's stories are inspired by a peculiar love of his native country and his own people. There is not a brae on the Aray side he would change for the most



NEIL MUNRO.

rich and picturesque prospect in the world. He disclaims the "Celtic gloom." The Celt, as Mr. Munro knows him, is not gloomy at all, though something of a fatalist, and readily responsive in his heart to the pathos of life and nature, and unwilling to frivol with the large issues of existence which some races make jokes about in the comic papers. In half his moods he is riotously funny, with a vivid sense of the humorous, and the most beautiful zest in his little comforts and casual amusements. The topography of Mr. Munro's stories is Inveraray, Glenaray, Loch Awe, and Loch Fyne. The tales are supposed to be told by different individuals in Gaelic up in the Sheilings among the hills. What Mr. Munro has sought is as one with a nature steeped in the Gaelic modes of conception and expression to invent an English or rather Scotch-English style, which will give an impression of this, and retain the riginal atmosphere.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

It appears, as one feared would be the case, that the Societé de l'Edition par les Auteurs (the Authors' Publishing Company) of Paris, of whose organisation and initial venture some account was given in a recent number of The Bookman, has not been a success, and, at least temporarily, has suspended its operations. The sales of the first book published by this society—a collection of short tales republished from various newspapers—were so small that there were no funds in hand to publish the third book, which had been passed by the Reading Committee. It would seem that it is impossible for authors to carry out the business of publishing successfully. One will watch with interest the results of the large American organisation, and the success which will attend the efforts of an individual English author in this direction. But one fears that disappointment may here also be in store.

Quite a number of fairly well-known writers amongst les jeunes—a classification including men of over sixty—took part in the recent Mid-Lent procession organised by the students. This procession was known as the "Procession of the Mad Cow." It is said in France that everyone who follows a liberal profession, and especially writers and painters, has in his career a longer or shorter period when his poverty is so great that he is glad to get the beef of a "vache enragée" to eat; and when it is said of a man, as for instance it is often said of Emile Zola, that he has eaten quantities of mad-cow beef in his life, it is meant that he has been through a long period of semi-starvation. I confess that I have seen but little of this much talked-of starvation amongst French authors, even amongst "les jeunes," and where it does exist it is mainly attributable to improvidence. The reason of this is, that in France, with the rarest exceptions, no man in his senses takes to authorship as a profession, or engages in it in a commercial spirit, unless he has other means of subsistence. In England a man can hope to get some sort of a living, however unsuccessful he may be, out of authorship. In France no man outside Charenton would entertain such a hope, or act upon it. I have never yet met a man in France, trying to make a reputation as an author, who had not either a private income or some other employment. Huysmans, for instance, has a Government office, and, in addition, is engaged commercially in book-binding; Mallarmé was until quite recently professor of English at a Parisian lycée, and so on. So there is really never any necessity for an author in France to dine off "vache enragée," and no reason for him whatever to appeal to the public for sympathy on account of fare so unpalatable. Speaking of unpalatable fare reminds me, by contraries, of Arsène Houssaye, who was a gourmet of the first water. I fancy his dinners will be remembered longer in Paris than his books, which have little weight there. He was a "very precious" man, in the French sense of the word *précieux*, and bestowed on the elegancies of life as much care as, with less success, he applied to his literary workmanship. He was as reserved as Alexandre Dumas the younger, and was never to be seen anywhere, spending his time in a secluded if Sybaritic enjoyment of life. One heard of him occasionally in Parisian society, when a *mot* of his would run round the town. His wit was bitter, even caustic, and seemed to be the utterance of a disappointed man. I believe his literary ambition was a very high one, and that its non-realisation had soured him, in spite of the pleasures of most refined life which he enjoyed, thanks to a large fortune, which no doubt diverted his attention from those labours by which alone his ambition could have been realised. I once heard him described as "le roi des dillettants," a description not altogether malevolent.

Everybody in Paris, with the exception, perhaps, of a few of the envious amongst les jeunes, is delighted to hear of the great success in London of John Davidson's adaptation of François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne," which, of course, was immensely successful in Paris. I was present at the dress rehearsal of "Pour la Couronne," and rarely have seen a piece more enthusiastically received by an audience which is usually indifferent. But Coppée is very popular in France amongst all classes, from the camelots or street hawkers, who speak of him as *le père Coppée*, and shouted themselves hoarse in "booming" his "Le Pater," up to his brother Academicians, who always complain of his absence when he is not present at their gatherings. His poetry is popular all over France. Some years ago a popular edition of his poems was published in fivepenny monthly parts, in a coloured wrapper on which was a picture of the poet with a silk hat on his head and an umbrella in his hand. *Les jeunes* laughed and scoffed, and said that the "gibus" and the "rifflard" were emblematic of the contents of these parts, but the public bought the book in large quantities. Coppée is a "tendre"—a tender-hearted man—and his work contains that proportion of sentiment which is dear to all French people, in spite of their pretences of the contrary. And the work is the man. Coppée is a kind-hearted, simple man; fond of the country, fond of flowers and animals, and devoted to all old friends. I remember his telling me once that his hope was that his old housekeeper should close his eyes in death, that he could not bear the thought of surviving her. He is sentimental, without *sensiblerie*. He lives very simply, and the only affectation that I know in him is his habit of putting on a red shirt or blouse when he sits down to write. He is very fond of exercise, and can walk many a younger man off his legs. I know of many acts of generosity to his credit. On one occasion he saved a poor girl from the town, dowered her, and found her a husband. He is an excellent confrère, and never closes his purse to the shipwrecked of literature.

Those of us who know John Davidson also are doubly glad of the success at the Lyceum. It was time that Davidson should receive some of the fruits of his labours. How many years is it since, abandoning a "dominie's" stool in the North of Scotland, he bravely plunged into the literary fight in London, and, undismayed by the hard knocks he received, fought on and on? Not more than two years ago he told me that "there was nothing as yet in the shape of an income," and he laughingly added that he believed the house in which he was living with his family was *the* smallest house in London. I knew that it was so small that the poet was forced to rent a room over a greengrocer's shop in a neighbouring street to do his work in, and that his fine productions were elaborated only in the leisure moments which could be snatched from arduous literary tasks. But he has all along kept up heart, a sanguine

and jovial man, with a laugh that was good to hear. One is very glad to think him happy at last and free from care.

The illustration of books is being more and more attended to by the Parisian publishers. Many publishers in Paris now illustrate all the books they publish, believing that an illustrated book will sell far more readily than another. One publisher recently told me that the book trade is so bad in France that, did he not spend money on illustrating his publications, he did not believe that he could make his business pay. The public taste in France certainly is in favour of illustrated books, and there are some signs that this taste is also spreading in England. Many novels recently published in London have been illustrated. The additional expense is, of course, considerable, and is perhaps higher in Paris than in London, although there are many more talented "black and white men" in the former town. In London, I believe, a publisher can have a book well illustrated throughout for from £25 to £50. In Paris the latter sum may certainly be considered the minimum for which a draughtsman of any standing would undertake to illustrate a book. I am not now referring to the artists who work for the "penny-number" houses, like Rouff's, which issue tons of illustrated feuilletons every month. For these publications quantity rather than quality is the desideratum, and the publishers find it more remunerative to employ active men, capable of large production, at a fixed salary, which in the case of some men is a high one. I know of one "black and white" man who has been drawing over £800 a year for some years past for his exclusive services to one *maison d'edition* alone. It is true that his output is enormous. The artists I am writing about are such men as Myrbach, Mignon, Dunki, Montignié, and Vierge, who produce drawings which are works of art. I have just received from M. Edouard Pelletan, the publisher, a beautiful pamphlet, in which the cause of the illustrated book is eloquently pleaded, and in which some specimens of the work produced by his house are given. One is glad to see in these days of cheap "process" work that good wood-engraving is still believed in by the Parisian publishers, who, as far as enterprise is concerned, are certainly not to blame for the depression in the book trade in France, of which we hear more and more.

Robert H. Sherard.

THE READER.

A CURIOUS RELIC OF THE BROWNING FAMILY.

READERS of Mrs. Ritchie's "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning" will remember that the writer refers to the remarkable drawings by Browning's father, which she saw as a child in Paris. "We used to look with a certain mingled terror and fascination at various pages of grim heads drawn in black and red chalk, something in the manner of Fuseli. Masks and faces were depicted, crowding together with malevolent or agonised or terrific expressions. There were the suggestions of a hundred weird stories on the pages at which one gazed with creeping alarm. These pictures were all drawn by a kind and most gentle neighbour of ours"—Mr. Robert Browning, the father of the poet. We have recently had the opportunity of examining a most curious scrap-book,

"Ah! what has kept you? You've been along with Frank Martin again. I told you never to be seen in that fellow's company."

filled with these drawings of which Mrs. Ritchie speaks. They are the property of a lady who received them from a godson of Mr. Browning the poet, and their authenticity is undoubted.

There is first of all a series of some forty heads, which are supposed to represent the various tellers of and listeners to a ghost-story. The extraordinary variety of expressions, the saturnine humour, melancholy, cunning, fear, and the hundred other emotions depicted on the faces, remind one of nothing so much as Browning's own

"Why, I was afraid of coming over the Common, 'cause as how they say a ghost walks there every evening."

great human gallery. To a student of Browning these drawings by his father are of singular interest, for they illustrate in a very striking way the workings of the law of

heredity. The quiet South London resident and member of York Chapel, Walworth, had an eye for faces not less keen than his son's. One can even detect some Walworth types in his grotesque men and women. Many of the faces, however, are hardly human, but more like grinning and monstrous gargoyles. Under each head there is an inscription. The belated ghost-seer is accosted as he comes in by a stern-visaged man with protruding under-lip, and by an old woman in a mob-cap. "And pray, young man, what has kept you so late? You went out from here at 5, and now you return at 11—what has kept you?" The frightened-looking youth comes next with the answer, "Why, I was afraid of coming over the common 'cause as how they says a ghost walks there every evening." The story goes on amid a series of interruptions and cross-questions, each new personage interpolating a remark which prevents the last speaker from proceeding. One of the funniest faces is that of a jovial rustic in a cloth cap, with black wisps of hair straying over his forehead.

"Oh, there's a ghost in the story, is there? I'm afraid, young gentleman, this will end differently from what you think for."

"Why," he says, "it's the Parson's ghost—he walks every night. You may see him every night about nine o'clock, if you look out for him." Opposite him is another old lady in a cap, whose lips are pursed up indignantly as she sniffs out: "Old woman, indeed!!! I suppose you allude to Mrs. Muggins. I know she thinks there are such things."

The company contains believers and unbelievers, and the different types are hit off with delicious fun. The broad, round face of the man who thinks the ghost had probably a straw bonnet on, and was none other than the miller's daughter, contrasts amusingly with the lantern visaged man who asks in sepulchral tones, "Did you ever hear of old Matthews, who saw the ghost of the murdered chimney-sweeper?" and he again is damped down by the mere sceptic, who carries on the sentence thus: "which turned out to be a black cat—why, the chimney-sweeper's alive at this day; but what's this story about the parson?" "Do give us a date," cries a gap-toothed listener. "A story should no more be without a date than a Bill of Exchange." Gradually we get mixed up with several ghost-stories. The people who are eager that the story-tellers shall proceed, keep saying, "Hush, hush," or "Silence, silence," till a Rabelaisian fellow calls out that "when a man wants to have a row, the best thing he can

"Why, it's the Parson's ghost; he walks every night; you may see him every night about nine o'clock if you'll look out for him."

do is to cry out, Silence! silence!" "But before you go on," says another, "is it about the Old Fisherman? for if it is, we've heard it repeated over and over again, at least 150 times." The forty characters include the man who "likes those stories that end in a happy marriage"; his neighbour—a Marat-like head—who prefers "those that end in bringing the offender to justice and a public execution"; the gossips who interrupt to complain of interruptions; and the thin-lipped gentleman who "never likes to give an opinion on any subject till I have first turned it over in my mind and viewed it under every possible circumstance." Last of all, "Says one to the other and the other to one, I think we've had quite enough of story-telling to-night. Did I ever tell you, gentlemen, what a fine parcel of red herrings I made a purchase of yesterday?"

The handwriting of the inscriptions is very clear and

"Well, we can hear it once more; when a man tells a story 150 times he generally gets to believe it himself."

legible, though the ink is naturally somewhat faded. The penmanship bears a certain resemblance to the poet's.

The old scrap-book further contains a good many pencil drawings by Mr. Browning, senior, much less well preserved. Some of these represent scenes in the law courts, where the criminals and counsel are equally witty. The London of the thirties (one of the drawings is dated 1838) comes back in some of the queer coster types. "I say, you sir, how did you come by that ere bull-dog?" "Vy, I come by him honest—besides, vot's that to you?" "'Cause vy,

"Well, I never listened to a ghost story in my life that I did not wish sincerely to believe in it. It's that that gives it the interest. But we hinder the gentleman; go on, sir."

Dick the butcher's lost his'n, and I think as 'ow yourn's his'n." There is only one political drawing in the entire series. It shows a solemn and hideous-looking orator uttering the words, "Ireland is an Aceldama!" Some hint of local colour is conveyed in the inscription: "What! haven't you heard, Mrs. Fuggins? The dreadful ghost that haunts Peckham and Camberwell."

We may say in closing that several of the drawings are signed "R. B.," and that they are all unmistakably by the same hand.

We give a few specimens from the drawings.

NEGLECTED BOOKS.

VI.—"Drolls from Shadowland" and "Tales of the Masque."

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

MR. J. H. PEARCE is, I believe, a novelist. He has published two or three Cornish novels, one of which has received Mr. Gladstone's *imprimatur*. I do not know his work as a novelist, though I can well believe that something of the vague, shadowy, elusive poetry which is the very breath of his short stories might escape from a long book. I ought perhaps to apologise to Mr. Pearce for calling the two books named above neglected. They must have reached the ears of the small audience which is ever alert for new voices in literature. A good many of his critics at the time of their publication were enthusiastic. But the outer public the books scarcely reached at all; and my complaint is that, instead of taking their place in the body of literature which is always in demand, they have seemed to disappear with their season, as a drop of rain in the sea, so quickly and silently. It might be easy to explain this by saying that the public adores, with a comprehensive passion, the trite and the commonplace; but it would not be an explanation. The great body of circulating-library readers who make a worthless book go for a season or two, have no power to grant fixity of tenure. There is a stronger public opinion on literature which in the end, after blunders and injustices, is always right. Nothing that is really of literature is lost and forgotten; it is acknowledged and honoured at last; and this is the thought which comforts one when one is wroth at seeing fine work pushed down and trampled out of sight by the vulgar and the obvious.

"Drolls from Shadowland" appeared in 1893, "Tales of the Masque" the following year. Their effect on my own mind was so deep and abiding that at any time since, without consulting the books, I could tell the story of "The Little Crow of Paradise," or "Joanna," or "the Calling of the Sea," or the yet earlier "Man Who Talked With the Birds," or "The Man Who Met Hate," or "The Unchristened Child," or "A Pleasant Entertainment," or "The Man Who Wished to be a Tree." The quality of imagination in Mr. Pearce's work is extraordinarily fine and subtle. There is no imagination in young poetry at present which can stand beside his in prose excepting that of his brother Celt, Mr. W. B. Yeats. Between the genius of these two there is a certain kinship, but Mr. Pearce sees life whole as Mr. Yeats does not. To make his glamour, Mr. Yeats uses gold, and grey, and purple, mists of fairyland and splendour of legend; to make his, Mr. Pearce takes more homely material. He is something of the sage and philosopher, and, elusive as he is, he is a student of life and his fellow-men. His is a genius at once aerial and intimate.

There is a depth of human feeling in "The Unchristened Child." The Cornish fisherman had refused baptism to his child, and it is the superstition that an unchristened child, whether he die on the land or the water, becomes a creature of that element. The little lad, when out fishing in a punt with a playfellow, falls overboard and is drowned. "His companion, leaning over, could see him sinking down slowly into the crystalline depths, with his hands stretched up and the hair on his head tapering to a point like the flame of a candle." A few days afterwards the father is out fishing when he sees a little seal emerge from a cave and come swimming towards him.

"'Why dedn'ee ha' me christened, faather?' asked the little seal piteously.

"'My God, are'ee Silas?' said John, trembling violently.

"'Iss, I'm Silas,' said the little seal.

"John stared aghast at the smooth brown head and the innocent eyes that watched him so pathetically.

"'Why, I thought thee wert drownded, Silas!' he ejaculated.

"'I caant go to rest 'tell I'm christened,' said the seal.

"'How can us do it, now?' asked the father anxiously.

"'Ef anywan who's christened wed change sauls weth me,' said the seal, 'then I wed go to rest right away.'

"'Thee shall ha' *my* saul, Silas,' said the father tenderly.

"'Will'ee put thy mouth to mine an' braythe it into me, faather?'

"'Iss, my dear, that I will,' said the father. 'Rest thee

shust have ef I can give it to'ee, Silas. Put thy hands or paws around me neck, will'ee, soas?'

"And John leaned over the side of the boat till his face touched that of the piteous little seal."

It has the profound simplicity and tenderness of genuine folk-lore. Indeed, of all the Cornishmen in love with Cornwall, Mr. Pearce seems to have come nearest to the secret of the Celtic magic which is in the haunted moorlands, and on the wild cliffs over the sea, and in the hearts of the primitive people. "The Little Crow of Paradise" might have come from the times when faith was so ardent that imagination centred about the things of faith, embroidering them with lovely accessories. The Robin, says Mr. Pearce, because of its kindness when Christ hung on the Cross, is permitted once a year to visit Hell, bearing a drop of water in its beak for some poor sinner it had loved while on earth. But the crow is the bird of the devil, because he mocked Christ on the Cross, and he has a cinder for a heart; yet one little crow for ever sits on the wall of Paradise. His friend was dead and in hell, "in the awful Pit of the Great Thirst, with the lidless eyes of Satan fixed unsleepingly upon him," and the crow had in vain implored the robin to bear him a drop of water. The robin is the only bird that can go scatheless near the fires, but the crow, moved by pity and love, took the drop of water in his beak and flew down to Hell.

"In the Black Pit of Thirst his friend moaned helplessly; his throat and lips parched into horrible blackness, and the sharp brine running through his veins instead of blood. 'Water! give me water!' he gasped to the crow. The crow sank down, and alighting on his shoulder, poured the cherished drop of water between the black, parched lips. 'A hundred years of agony have rolled away from me!' gasped the man. 'Now, caw once, that I may remember the woodlands. . . .' '*Caw*,' cried the little black crow, '*Caw*! *Caw*!' But at that moment the Ancient One, who is of stone and without a heart, thrust his huge claws forward and the crow was in his palm. Then God who seeth all things was moved to compassion, and as His thought became a deed, Satan's huge claws opened, and up flew the little crow straight to Paradise; alighting, singed and panting, on the vast, gold walls. Except the dove, no bird has ever entered heaven. The crow might not be admitted to the shining streets of pearl, but within sight of heaven he should dwell for ever, said the Merciful One. And on the great gold walls against which the Water of Life ripples musically, the Little Crow of Paradise still builds his nest."

This is the very spirit of fantasy, but Mr. Pearce is not always so remote. Most of his allegories are indeed fraught with deep human meaning. Tragedy and pity, and cynicism and scorn, the "saeva indignatio," and wit and tenderness are in each tiny masterpiece. Elusive as they are, they are artistically satisfying, and one would no more wish anything away or anything altered than one would with "Tanglewood Tales" or "Mosses from an Old Manse."

MRS. MEYNELL.

ONE has, of course, an immense admiration for Mr. Henley, for the poetry and the brilliant individuality of the man. And yet it is hard to satisfy oneself that the many who have found in him an artistic stimulus must not go further before they find also their artistic conscience. These clever young writers who pullulate around him—is it not his perversities that they catch, rather than his inspiration? and does he take the trouble to demur, when they sacrifice on the altar of a style alike the decencies of journalism and the dignities of literature? In any case we must credit Mr. Henley, as his undeniable achievement, with the capture and revelation of Mrs. Meynell. For after the immortal letter to Mr. Hyde of Honolulu, was there anything more signal in his memorable editorship of the *National Observer* than certain gracious essays, packed with thought and vibrile with wit, which stood there amongst cheap satire and schoolboy impertinences, like the cool spaces of a bookshop sequestered from the bustle of frivolous Piccadilly? And when those essays reappeared in book form as "The Rhythm of Life," who was there who failed to recognise the presence of a new and potent pen, of a fresh critical force to be reckoned with, of an imperative need to reconsider and readjust certain old critical tendencies from another and a striking point of view? Incidentally one learnt that this was not Mrs. Meynell's first venture in the pleasant ways of literature. Already, as Miss Alice Thompson, she had published in 1875 a volume of poems which did not indeed hit the popular taste, but which were very highly esteemed by no mean critics; Mr. Ruskin, in particular, speaking of some of her work as "the finest things I have yet seen or felt in modern verse." And then Miss Thompson exercised the ultimate privilege of the maiden and the artist, and for fifteen years was silent; slowly pruning and maturing, we may suppose, the potentialities of a naturally quick spirit by submission to the twofold scholarship of life and letters, that so, when in the fulness of time she reluctantly spoke again, her words might be the choice fruit of the trained eye, and the disciplined brain, and the purified heart.

In attempting to analyse the impression which Mrs. Meynell's writing makes upon at least one reader, I shall not dwell at length upon her sex, and upon the fact that she is perhaps the first woman to make her way to the higher levels of criticism. Doubtless the last quarter of the present century will be known as the age of the awakening of women, of their successful claim to share in the wider and fuller life of the race from which they have hitherto been, in the main, excluded. And with the conquest of life comes naturally the conquest of literature. One even hopes that women will soon cease to use the apology of a masculine pseudonym on their title-pages. But though Mrs. Meynell is clearly touched by the finer issues which the problem of the future of her sex at this moment presents—we are grateful to her for her woman's protest against the gross defacement of woman by the pen of Dickens and the pencil of Leech—yet I think that she has always held herself characteristically aloof from the more revolutionary phases of the movement. That brave desire to arraign the whole of society as man has made it, to

> "Shatter it to bits, and then
> Remould it nearer to the heart's desire,"

could not be expected to evoke much but pity and amusement in the mind of one whose consciousness of the past is so strong, and who knows that, for women as for Americans,

there is no beginning, but only a continuity. This, indeed, is the first point in Mrs. Meynell's critical temperament to which I would call attention. She has that sense of inheritance, of oneness with the past, which only liberal scholarship can give. She has chosen great ancestors to defer to. Must she quote? it is by preference the most distinguished utterances of the most distinguished men. Nor does she ever forget what such a descent entails upon her, its responsibilities "in the chastity of letters and in the honour of life," its compulsion to keep her thought unstained by anything that is common or "mentally inexpensive." How much "a man of letters" means to her!—"judicious, judicial, disinterested, patient, happy, temperate, delighted." What a rare equipment to have even formed such an ideal! And how doubly rare in an age which has substituted reviews for criticism and University Extension lectures for education! We habitually write up to the top of our information; but Mrs. Meynell selects from her treasure-house; she has her reserves; she does not wish to tell us "all the grave things."

MRS. MEYNELL.

This insistence on the literary point of honour, and a certain delicate psychology, define Mrs. Meynell's critical attitude. Of what is hackneyed she will have nothing; "habitualness," she says, "compels our refusals." Patent things, even patent truths, fail to arrest her; she prefers a more intimate, even if it be a lesser, truth; a truth that she can feel, that has some freshness about it, not a truth that she must merely accept and share. She will not willingly walk in the ways of common tread. Therefore she pushes analysis as far as it can be pushed, in the discrimination of subtle shades of sentiment, the exploration of secret distinctions which the blunter sense would disregard. And analysis frequently issues in paradox; a paradox, however, which is not often merely verbal, belonging, as it does, to the order of her thought and the structure of her material. For it is invariably truth itself that she seeks, and not the affectations of truth. No one, indeed, will prick you with more mordant wit the bubble of an affectation; the affectation, for instance, that finds pathos in what is really humorous, or the affectation of an impressionism that has no impressions worth recording. In this close power of penetration lies her delicate critical instrument; for in criticism, as in portraiture, it is the little touches that count, the barely noticeable curves and crow's-feet, that hold the secrets of mental history, and build up the ultimate ineffaceable personality. Nor need Velasquez himself have been ashamed to own that "Portrait of a Gentleman" in the essay which is called "A Remembrance." Subtle herself, Mrs. Meynell demands some response of subtlety from her readers; she is difficult, because she is not facile. She is indeed unpardonable, because she requires, compels thought; compels even an effort of thought, grinds the edge of thought. And to-day we do not wish that thought should give us pause; we ask for books to satisfy easy mental processes, and not to awake complicated ones; because we do our reading hurriedly, in the railway train or at the British Museum, and have no time for the composure of an armchair or the contemplation of a library.

The subtlety of Mrs. Meynell's thinking determines also her vocabulary. She will not use synonyms as if they were equivalents, for she knows that usage is the deposit of history, and that cognate words have cognate, and not identical meanings. It were, therefore, a conceit in her own vein to say that her epithets and turns of phrase are not obvious, and are inevitable. Her words are not inanimate counters, but have their characters and their colours. The *epitheton constans* is no temptation to her, nor will she reproduce the second-hand quaintnesses of Wardour Street. Her tendency, indeed, is all to the Latin derivatives, so cool and quiet, for "to possess that half of the language within which Latin heredities lurk and Romanesque allusions are at play is to possess the state and security of a dead tongue, without the death." She seeks in style qualities that control rather than stimulate, is careless to cry aloud in the market-place, will not be clamant, and would rather have you not suspect the measure of her resources for the discretion of the art that conceals them. So that it will surprise you on analysis to find that she, who is never rhetorical, possesses and has used every artifice of rhetoric.

It is the first instalment, then, of one's claim for Mrs. Meynell, that she has the choicer equipment of a critic, the comprehensive experience of life and letters, the acute vision, the easy control of an exquisite medium. But from the absolute critics, the two or three who interpret to an age, more than this is required. Of such we ask in addition an unity, an organic unity, of purpose and of aim. Some fecund principle of thought, far-reaching in its scope,

and bearing upon what is vital rather than what is accidental, this alone can give birth to a criticism that shall be creative, dynamic. For in the positive, not the negative pole of criticism, in its power to modify the old mental attitude and to suggest the new, must always lie its highest achievement. Nor can the operations of this principle be limited to any one department of human activity; on all alike, on art, on letters, on conduct, it will have its shaping word. Such a principle underlies Mrs. Meynell's work. It is rooted in a certain austere philosophy. "The half is better than the whole," cried the Greek; and Mrs. Meynell, too, solves many problems by her willingness to accept, and even appropriate the limitations of life. Of one whose "personality made laws for me," she says, "He had always prayed temperate prayers and harboured probable wishes." Her most frequent counsel is to do without. "I could wish," she tells us, "abstention to exist, and even to be evident, in my words." Criticism is made up of innumerable rejections; and, if even rejections trouble that composure which is the heart's attainable felicity, what of the things rejected? By exclusion alone can we preserve unrifled our treasury of quietness,exclusion on the one hand of the raw, the slovenly, the blatant; on the other, of the opulent, the ostentatious, the tormented. In all things it is to "the little less" that she would "recall a rhetorical world." In art she would cure the disease of ornament by the wholesome tonic of plain spaces; in nature she prefers to "the clamorous proclamation of summer in the English woods" those finer lines of an unrecognised Italy; "cypresses shaped like flames, tall pines with the abrupt flatness of their tops, thin canes in the brakes, sharp aloes by the roadside, and olives with the delicate acuteness of the leaf." To be simple —it is the simplest of all secrets; and who shall say that it is not worth preaching in a flamboyant age? And in virtue of this gospel of simplicities and silences we count Mrs. Meynell high among critics, and place her pregnant pages on the shelf beside the "Essays in Criticism" and the "Studies in the Renaissance."

Rumour has it that of late Mrs. Meynell has been numbered among the journalists; and some signed articles in a weekly, with others, not literally signed, in an evening daily, would seem to confirm the report. A dangerous way, one would think, for her, with its pitfalls of fluency and paradox. But whatever she may reject and reconsider for the approaching volume, we will not gladly miss a certain essay on "The Amazing Marriage," itself as amazing as the novel or the marriage. "Mr. Meredith's book almost confers genius." When Mrs. Meynell speaks of Carinthia, how shall we not think that it has conferred it?

EDMUND K. CHAMBERS.

NEW BOOKS.

THE EMPIRE OF THE PTOLEMIES.*

The peculiar interest possessed by the history of Egypt ceases with the flight of the last native king Nechtnebef and the advent of the Persian conquerors about the year 340 B.C. From that date to the present, Egypt ceased to be an independent factor in the history of the world, and becomes only a portion of the field in which the long struggle for supremacy has been carried on, at first by the Greek, Roman, and Western Asiatic peoples, and in later times by the powers of Western Europe.

The period which is the subject of this work, the 263 years of Ptolemaic rule, is one whose record is a recital of little else than a succession of intrigues, factions, and crimes, almost unrelieved by any outstanding incidents; for under this dominion, which was neither wholly Greek nor wholly Egyptian, but very much more Greek than Egyptian, there rose in Egypt no prominent man of native blood, nor were the events of the history such as have affected the current of human progress. It is probably on this account that the story of the Empire of the Ptolemies has hitherto been so much neglected in this country.

Patient Continental scholars have, however, worked sedulously in the quagmire of ancient classical references and of recovered fragments of contemporary documents, and have constructed from these materials a coherent narrative of the political and social history of Egypt under its Macedonian rulers. Dr. Mahaffy has here given us a *resumé* of the work of Droysen, Wiedemann, Pauli, Lumbroso, Niese, and others, and he has woven these into a more or less continuous narrative; and has shown how far these modern researches annotate, illustrate, and correct the passages of the histories of Polybius, Plutarch, Dio, Josephus, and the author of the books of the Maccabees, which bear on the history of the Ptolemies. As Dr. Mahaffy has edited the numerous fragments of Greek papyri of Ptolemaic age which have been discovered by the indefatigable labours of our great English explorer, Professor Flinders Petrie, and which have been published in fac-simile by the Royal Irish Academy, he has been able to add a considerable number of new details to the historic store.

The task which he has undertaken is difficult and thankless, for no amount of genius could make the history of this period other than uninteresting; and it speaks well for the skill with which he has accomplished it that he has succeeded in producing a fairly readable book.

There is an initial difficulty in dealing with the documentary material of this history owing to the homonymy of the rulers belonging to the dynasty. The personalities of the sixteen Ptolemies, the four Arsinoes, the four Berenikes, and the six Cleopatras, make a confused web which it is not easy to disentangle; and this confusion becomes worse confounded, owing to the frequent intermarriage of brother and sister, and the occasional marriage of the same queen to successive brothers. For this purpose a genealogical table would be a great help to the student.

In the midst of the wearisome record of wars, plots, invasions, and political trickery which constitute the largest part of the history, the only redeeming features are those connected with the foundation of the Museum, with its library, and the lavishness with which the national resources were expended on temple-buildings, which were so extensively erected in Egypt at this period. It is much to be regretted that we know so little of the foundation and administration of the former, which Dr. Mahaffy aptly compares with our older English universities. In this connection it may be doubted whether the history of the progress of human knowledge supports the implied assumption that the value of the work done in an endowment for research is necessarily greater than that done in a teaching institution. Of the intellectual outcome of the Museum we have exhaustive accounts in the works of Weniger and Susemihl. It was essentially a Greek institution, and even its celebrated medical teachers, like Herophilus and Erasistratus, were importations. The only Egyptian work which seems to have emanated from it was the History of Egypt by Manetho; but what else could be expected from kings of whom Plutarch tells us that they scarcely took the trouble to learn the Egyptian tongue.

During the Ptolemaic period great and stately additions were made to the religious edifices of Egypt. Philæ, Dendera, Edfou, and Esneh are monuments of which any age might well be proud. It seems at first sight remarkable that such should have been built during the dominance of a dynasty of foreign interlopers who seem to have cared little for any religion, either native or foreign; but it appears to have been a part of their policy to conciliate the priests, who were

* "The Empire of the Ptolemies." By J. P. Mahaffy. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1896.) 12s. 6d.

then, as in older days, the most influential class in the country, as from time immemorial almost all the Egyptian nobles held some priestly office. To this end it seems as if the reigning race encouraged the spending of large sums of the local revenues in these works, and thereby obtained the traditional deification. That these temples were built by Egyptians and under native supervision is plain from their architecture, and the affixing of the royal names does not necessarily indicate anything more than the dates of their erection, for there is no evidence of any direct royal interference. Our classical authorities, being Greeks, did not trouble themselves to enumerate, even if they knew, the names of the local nomarchs, and hence, as Dr. Mahaffy notes, they make little mention of the local nobility; but that these existed and were locally as powerful as before is plain from the fact that whenever local disturbances occurred in any parts except the region about Alexandria and the Fayyum, the names of the leaders connected with them are those of persons of native origin. It is not improbable that the policy of encouraging such buildings may have been a bid for popular favour in order to secure the pacification of the country, for those who built the most in outlying provinces—Philopator and Physkon—were those who were most disturbed by native insubordination. Among a priest-ridden people, who were, as Herodotus tells us, religious above all other nations, some such motive may have commended this course to rulers who felt a little uncertainty as to their tenure of power.

The record of their actions scarcely justifies the epithet "glorious" which Dr. Mahaffy applies to the dynasty. He has, as far as he could, endeavoured to rehabilitate some of those who suffer under the most tarnished reputations, such as Physkon, but with slender success. Even the best of them—Soter—was little else than a crafty time-serving diplomatist. Dr. Mahaffy attempts to justify the murder of Cleomenes as an act "hardly unjust, and certainly not unpopular," on account of the tales of dishonesty told about that governor; but we find that these charges, as recounted in the spurious second book of Œconomics, are marshalled with an evident animus, and from that source Arrian has taken his stories of the *polla adikemata*—stories which again appear in the Oration against Dionysiodorus, falsely ascribed to Demosthenes. When analysed, the charges amount to little more than the making of a profitable "corner" in grain, threatening to destroy certain crocodiles, and several like transactions which could probably be matched in the history of the majority of satraps. It is not likely that one whose moral tone may be measured by his conduct towards the surviving members of the family of Alexander, and by his treacherous betrayal of Ophelas, would be influenced by righteous indignation against a little provincial speculation. It is far more probable that the straightforward statement of Pausanias is the correct version of the transaction, that Ptolemy procured his death because he was in the interests of Perdiccas. This is the more likely, as Diodorus tells us that Ptolemy seized upon the 8,000 talents which Cleomenes had amassed, and used them for his own purposes.

Dr. Mahaffy has nothing new to add to the history of the last of the race, the ill-fated Cleopatra VI. The genius of Shakespeare has given to her a fame greater than that of any of her namesakes, two of whom, however, seem to have been quite as unscrupulous, if not as clever, as the unfortunate queen whose story in some respects reminds us of that of our own Queen Mary.

The Greek texts of the bilingual decrees of Canopus and Rosetta are given in full, which is a boon to the student. We may note by the way that our author scarcely does justice to the work which has been done by our great demotic scholars in that most difficult field of research. There is also a short digression on the position of Lake Moeris, in which Major Brown's opinion is very properly advocated. The question of the date of the Septuagint is referred to in passing, but while evidently favouring the more probable earlier date, Dr. Mahaffy does not make a definite pronouncement. The author is to be congratulated for having thus so successfully put into the hands of the English reader a useful compendium of a difficult, if uninteresting, piece of history, and for this he deserves the thanks of all interested in historical research.

To complete the cycle of the History of Egypt we now wait for someone to do a similar service in reference to the still less known period which extends from the Omayyade conquest in A.D. 638 to the recent period of the campaign of Napoleon Buonaparte.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD.*

Mr. Conan Doyle has never done anything better than this—and, remembering the good things he has already given us, this is saying a good deal. If this book had appeared ten years ago it would have made a great impression. But it is the fate of a novelist who has made a new departure to be quickly followed by a score of imitators, and only the sifting power of time can give him the distinction he deserves. Mr. Conan Doyle's work will *keep*. It has the salt of an excellent style; and when a score of books of a like kind are dead and forgotten, his will be read.

The adventures of the brave, vain, light-hearted French soldier, a Gil Blas of the grande armée, are carried on chapter by chapter, each complete in itself, and you may take up the book at any point, as you can Le Sage's immortal tale, and find it entertaining.

We read how the Brigadier gets into Dartmoor prison, and how he gets out again; how he fights brigands and makes his way into the Castle of Gloom, the abode of heroes of the Reign of Terror; how he rescues ladies, and takes part in every kind of midnight exploit, coming miraculously out of each with a whole skin. One comes almost to like the bold, boasting fellow, who has a laugh and a blow for every man, and a retort for even the great Monsieur de Talleyrand. Perhaps the story of his friendship with the young English officer, "The Bart," as he calls him, is the best of his adventures. "If I had not travelled," says Gerard, "I should not be able to say with confidence that the young man's real name was Milor, the Hon. Sir Russell, Bart., the last being an honourable distinction . . . as in Spanish one might say 'the Don.'" Gerard meets the great Napoleon several times, and acts as the Emperor's messenger and attendant under very strange circumstances. A student of history may try to confute Gerard as to these strange episodes in the history of Napoleon, but to such he says: "You must always bear in mind that you are listening to one who has seen history from the inside." So we take in good faith the scene where Napoleon permits a faithful servant to be assassinated in his place, and the scene in the Castle of Hof when the young soldier poet, Körner, turns the scale in favour of the *Tugend Bund*, and rouses the assembly to a fury of patriotism by singing a song of the Fatherland. Carrying papers from Napoleon to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein, the objects of which are to win over the wavering allegiance of the German prince to the French side, Gerard is waylaid by the patriotic wife of the Prince, and is beguiled of the precious papers. He comes near being hanged by the German soldiers. But out of this difficult situation he is extricated by the princess herself. "My heart is German and yours is French," she says; "the game is played and won; why should we bear malice?" So the Brigadier rides off to another adventure.

WOMAN UNDER MONASTICISM.†

No work more worthy of a great historical genius can be conceived than a complete history of monasticism. Such a history has yet to be written. A writer possessing all the requisite gifts of knowledge and imagination to adequately describe this most complex of human phenomena would leave the world something of higher value than many works of philosophy or histories of civilization. Monasticism for eight centuries held the central place in European civilization. It safeguarded art and learning; it fostered literature, and it absorbed the enthusiasm and energies of some of the noblest and most gifted of the race. From its bosom rose the first aspirations for the redemption of those worsted in the race of life by sickness, physical defects, or poverty—the

* "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard." By A. Conan Doyle. (George Newnes.)

† "Woman under Monasticism." By Lina Eckenstein. (Cambridge University Press.)

germs, in fact, of all modern philanthropy. The monasticism of the earlier centuries, in its loftiness of aim, in its unwearied mental and moral activity, in its ideal of a happiness not founded on personal claims, but on devotion to a divine perfection, realised in measure the dream of the City of God. The story of its gradual withdrawal from the work of the world, its slow inward decay, and rapid downfall before the outbreak of the Reformation, would form an even more instructive and interesting analysis than that which we get in the "Ancien Régime" of de Tocqueville to explain the destruction of monarchical power and the Revolution.

The Chronicles, Acta Sanctorum, the endless monographs on various aspects of monasticism, which swell into a vast literature, yet remain in an inchoate mass, and await the master hand which shall deal adequately with them as a whole. Whether we shall ever have such a work or not it is difficult to say. It is easier perhaps to predict that it will not come from either England or Germany, where the instinct to quarry and accumulate stores of learning is greater than that of literary design. But whether a complete history of the subject is to be ours or not, such a book as Miss Eckenstein has given us is of lasting value. It is itself a quarry of learning. We have here a prodigious mass of interesting information laboriously and judiciously gathered, assorted into twelve chapters, each dealing with some aspect of the life, influence, or work of women of the monastic orders. While limiting herself to the comparatively narrow survey of monasticism solely in its connection with women, Miss Eckenstein gives vivid pictures of the conventual system in Germany and England, and aspects of conventual life never before dealt with. Her search for material has been very wide, and her treatment shows the candour and clearness of a widely cultivated mind. She is, perhaps, more familiar with German than English Chronicles. But her account of convent life, convent literature, and the parts played by literary, administrative, and spiritually-gifted Abbesses of both countries is fresh and interesting from first to last.

By no means the least interesting and instructive part of the book is her history of the rise of the system, and the borderland of heathenism and Christianity. The writings of Grimm and Middleton and others have familiarised the idea of the transmutation of Pagan myths into Christian saints; and the subject is too attractive to have been left alone. By some writers it has been made to cover some very fanciful notions. That the cult of the mother-goddess —relic of a very primitive age, when women held the position of rulers in the tribe—lingered long in the Saxon race, and lived on in the worship of tutelary female saints and "mutter-gottes," seems to Miss Eckenstein clear. She brings much curious evidence to bear out her theory. It may be possible that the free status of women of the earlier age had left its impress on the later period, and that in the sixth and seventh centuries, to Saxon women, the advantages of married life weighed light against the loss of liberty, and that, for this reason, the monastic system found a soil ready for its planting. "The monasteries were," says Miss Eckenstein, "the outcome of the refusal among womankind to accept the married relation on the basis of the subjection imposed by the later father-age." We may perhaps here suggest that the rights and greater liberty accorded to women by the Early Church were not confined to Saxon countries, and remind the author that the Nicene Council recognised as a right the ordination of deaconesses, and that consecration for their office was, according to Neander, given them in the same sense as it was to the other clergy. Some of the changes in the moral status of women brought about by Christianity it is needless to enter upon here. They are allied to questions dealt with by Herr Bebel and other writers of our own day. Miss Eckenstein treats them with good sense and moderation. It is very clear that women in the convents of the early centuries lived a life of great independence. Taking the vow of continence, they moved about freely, and lived pretty much the life of ordinary women in the world; secure through their connection with the church against distasteful unions, and any oppressive control of their families. It is significant that the term "free" woman was used to designate the nun in contradistinction to the woman who married or remained under the rule of her family. This independence apparently led to no ill results. The monasteries were centres of activity, and the nuns and canonesses lived industrious and useful lives, pursuing, not only the feminine arts of spinning, weaving, and embroidery, but also writing, transcribing, and studying much as the monks did. The rule of life did not prevent them from correspondence and friendship with the learned men of their time; and we must look to the letters addressed by nuns and abbesses to Boniface, Celtes, and other learned men, to get a true insight into much of the intellectual life of the time.

The position of the high-born abbess was an enviable one. If she held her abbey direct from the king or emperor, she was practically independent of spiritual or temporal jurisdiction. Her territory was often large; she could summon before her court, and she had a right of ban; she could strike coin, she was in touch with the court, and was informed in all political matters; kings and princes and great men were often her guests. If she were a woman of learning or marked spiritual graces, her counsel was sought, and she had the friendship of bishops and learned prelates, poets and scholars.

Such a position might well be preferred. The chatelaine, still more the spinster, who had not the interests of and employments of the wife or mother, condemned to wearisome days of loneliness and inactivity—the monotony of times of peace only varied by the terrors and hardships of war and siege—might easily look with envy on the peaceful security and the pleasant round of duties in the neighbouring cloister. In such convents as those of Gaudesheim and Hohenburg, where the nuns were canonesses living in community, we find considerable literary activity. Gaudesheim, governed by a succession of princess abbesses, was a seat of learning and political influence. Here, in the tenth century, lived and wrote the nun Hrotsvith, the author of plays, poems, and the history of Otto III. She wrote under the direction of the great abbess, Gerberg, of whom it has been said that she and her two sisters, all in turn abbesses of Gaudesheim, were among the most zealous advocates of culture in Saxony during the ninth century. Herrad, abbess of Hohenburg in the twelfth century, compiled, for the use of her nuns, an encyclopædia of contemporary knowledge which has proved a storehouse of information as to mediæval life for a later age. This priceless monument of the middle ages was unhappily destroyed in the burning of the library at Strasburg during the siege of 1870. The work of Hildegarde of Bingen, and Elizabeth of Schonau, of Charitas and Clara Pirckheimer of Nuremberg, attest also to the learning and activity of the early abbesses. Somewhat later come the writings of Mechtild of Hackeborn and Gertrud of Helfta, which give a glimpse into the mystic world of thought which developed under the later monastic life. The age of decadence had begun, and these mystic writings must be regarded as the swan song of the dying system.

It may not perhaps be out of place to express a wish that in a new edition of this work there might be a more comprehensive index. We note that Herrad, a name which in large letters heads a section, is not inserted; and other omissions might be cited.

COMEDIES OF COURTSHIP.*

Mr. Anthony Hope is original, and original with a light-handed grace not too often found in English writers of fiction. His "Comedies of Courtship" remind one of pretty dances. The step of the dancers is light and firm, the figures graceful and lively. The whole leaves a sense of harmony and completeness. As in a dance, too, the people are real, the movements artificial. The plots of these tales can scarcely be taken quite seriously. But the young men and women in whom Mr. Hope delights, and makes us delight, talk and behave in the most natural manner. Through these comedies there runs a spice of smiling mischief—it is not even a distant cousin to cynicism—which unites the reader and author in bonds of pleasant fraternity.

It is a skilful thing to place behind his smiling groups, as Mr. Hope sometimes does, a background of slightly but

* "Comedies of Courtship." By Anthony Hope. (A. D. Innes and Co.)

well-defined tragedy — a ghastly or pathetic bygone incident of family history, against which plays the modern scene. Tennis parties, afternoon tea; the bright girls with the ready tongues, and the men who answer deliberately but so much to the point also, are haunted—pleasantly haunted—by the shadow of the past. Between the whiffs of the cigarettes you see the plaintive eyes of a Lady Agatha of a former age looking down on her descendants from a portrait on the wall; and you suspect that by some imaginative laws of heredity she guides the freakish plot.

Merimée was a great master of this art of threading a tragic underplot with the everyday realism of a modern tale which Mr. Hope also uses. The Frenchman had the stronger grasp, without doubt. He could wind in a streak of the supernatural, making it run unobtrusively but surely on amidst the modern incidents, till at last it laid a hand of horror upon you. Yet his art was to make the terror elude you as you sought to grasp it. In "Lokis," in the "Venus d'Ile," "Madame Lucrézia," you may stop at any moment and say: "But this moonshine, incredible"; and the author can gravely reply, "Of course it is"—and the tale flows on quite smoothly without it. But while admitting the superior power of Merimée, it is only proper to add that Anthony Hope, in his graceful and brilliant tales, never finds it necessary to have recourse to disagreeable combinations and situations without which human emotion, for the last thirty years, has seemed to be non-existent to even the best of the French writers of fiction. The quarrels, reconciliations, the whimsicalities, the veerings and changes of sentiment which make the *raison d'être* of the "Comedies of Courtship," are those of right-minded, well-bred people, whose sentiments in every case do them honour. No circumstances ever make Mr. Hope's young men anything but nice fellows and gentlemen; even when their manners and bearing—always as natural as they are excellent—are severely tried. "It is not very easy," says Mr. Hope, speaking of Willie Prime, "to assert social position when one has nothing on and only one's head out of water, but Willie did it." As to the plots, one must not cavil at the sentimental inconsistencies of the "Curate of Pottons, or those of Mary and John, Dora and Charlie, in the "Wheel of Love," nor at the reconciling bomb which reassorted the wavering couples. We must remember these are only the figures of the dance, the changing of partners, the little confusion of the "grand round." At the end they are all in place again, and move gracefully and with laughter—in which we join heartily—off the stage.

THREE CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

Quintilian tells us that in his time students of Greek rightly began with Homer as affording *exordium auspicatissimum*, and certainly no commencement for a series of classical texts could be fitter than the Iliad, while, if outward beauty can avail books, this small volume in the charm of its vellum binding and the perfection of its paper and printing ought to prove "a most auspicious beginning" to the Parnassus Library. Nor is the text itself one on which it would be easy to improve, for not only is Mr. Leaf one of the first Homeric scholars of the day, but he has had the good sense not to insert any of those strange grammatical forms, which students of word-development argue must have been used by Homer, but which exist in no known MS. He has therefore to apologise to the reader for presenting him with "some philological monstrosities," but, on the other hand, he can assure him that the text is "to all intents and purposes the Homer which lay before Plato, Thucydides, and Herodotus, and beyond a question that of Virgil and Lucretius," and this is perhaps as much as those need who, in happy ignorance, cannot recognise a "philological monstrosity" when they meet one. On the other hand, one feature of the book is sure to provoke controversy, for it is printed from an entirely new fount of Greek type, which Mr. Leaf much prefers to the ordinary type handed down to us by "the ill-taste of Aldus," and on which so excellent a critic as Dr. Rutherford commented very favourably in the *Classical Review* for March, 1894. As, however, on such a point the eyes alone can judge, a specimen is (by the kindness of Messrs. Macmillan) here appended, but it should be remembered that a little time is needed to accustom the eyes to new type, and that in the present volume considerations of space have necessitated the use of small type with narrower interlinear gaps than are perhaps advisable.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Α

λοιμός. μῆνις.

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
οὐλομένην, ἣ μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς ἄλγε' ἔθηκε,
πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν
ἡρώων, αὐτοὺς δὲ ἑλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν
οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή,
ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα διαστήτην ἐρίσαντε
Ἀτρεΐδης τε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
τίς τ' ἄρ σφωε θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;
Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός. ὁ γὰρ βασιλῆϊ χολωθεὶς
νοῦσον ἀνὰ στρατὸν ὦρσε κακήν, ὀλέκοντο δὲ λαοί,
οὕνεκα τὸν Χρύσην ἀτίμασεν ἀρητῆρα
Ἀτρεΐδης. ὁ γὰρ ἦλθε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
λυσόμενός τε θύγατρα φέρων τ' ἀπερείσι' ἄποινα,
στέμματ' ἔχων ἐν χερσὶν ἑκηβόλου Ἀπόλλωνος
χρυσέῳ ἀνὰ σκήπτρῳ, καὶ λίσσετο πάντας Ἀχαιούς,
Ἀτρεΐδα δὲ μάλιστα δύω, κοσμήτορε λαῶν·
"Ἀτρεΐδαι τε καὶ ἄλλοι ἐυκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί,
ὑμῖν μὲν θεοὶ δοῖεν Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες
ἐκπέρσαι Πριάμοιο πόλιν, εὖ δ' οἴκαδ' ἱκέσθαι·
παῖδα δ' ἐμοὶ λύσαιτε φίλην τὰ δ' ἄποινα δέχεσθαι,
ἁζόμενοι Διὸς υἱὸν ἑκηβόλον Ἀπόλλωνα."
ἔνθ' ἄλλοι μὲν πάντες ἐπευφήμησαν Ἀχαιοὶ
αἰδεῖσθαί θ' ἱερῆα καὶ ἀγλαὰ δέχεσθαι ἄποινα·
ἀλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεΐδῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι ἤνδανε θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ κακῶς ἀφίει, κρατερὸν δ' ἐπὶ μῦθον ἔτελλε·
"μή σε, γέρον, κοίλῃσιν ἐγὼ παρὰ νηυσὶ κιχείω
ἢ νῦν δηθύνοντ' ἢ ὕστερον αὖτις ἰόντα,
μή νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμῃ σκῆπτρον καὶ στέμμα θεοῖο.
τὴν δ' ἐγὼ οὐ λύσω· πρίν μιν καὶ γῆρας ἔπεισιν

Ε B

Mr. Seebohm's essay of 143 pp. is an endeavour to show that Greek institutions exhibit the same "tribal" basis which is found among such widely separate nations as the Hindoos, the Israelites, and the Welsh, and, as such, constitutes a sort of appendix to his father's recently published volume on the Structure of the Tribal System in Wales. The Greeks have generally been regarded as illustrating the development of *municipal* life within the walls of cities, and only a specialist can properly decide whether on the evidence here adduced their institutions should rather be referred originally to those tribal instincts among the chief of which Mr. Seebohm places a special regard for community of blood, for the perpetuation of the household, and for the close connection of the family with its inalienable portion of the tribal domain. But, apart from the judgment of specialists, books such as this possess considerable interest for general readers, for they throw light on many obscure customs and events which, except when studied by the comparative method, must remain unintelligible. Thus it is only by examining the extraordinary importance attached among widely different peoples to the maintenance of the "house," chiefly lest dead ancestors should become homeless outcasts, and by realising the consequent necessity of leaving male issue, ("that man," say the "Ordinances of Manu," goes to hell who has no son to offer the funeral cake"), that we begin to comprehend such stories as that of Judah and Tamar in Genesis or that of Tamar's descendant Boaz in the history of Ruth, although the selection of these two female names for mention in Matthew's genealogy of Jesus shows how completely their conduct was in accord with national sentiment and the opinion that it was the first of duties "to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance." If it were only for the light it throws on this single point, Mr. Seebohm's book would deserve reading, but it is full of interesting matter, and even the New Woman might find something instructive in this verdict of the men of old—"In her childhood she should be under the will of her father; in her youth of her husband; her husband being dead of her sons; a woman should never enjoy her own will."

* "Homer's Iliad." Edited by W. Leaf, Litt.D. Parnassus Library of Greek and Latin Texts. 6s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

"The Structure of Greek Tribal Society." By H. E. Seebohm. 5s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

"The Odyssey of Homer." Translated into English Verse by P. S. Worsley. New edition. 7s. 6d. net. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)

Of Mr. Worsley's work it is only needful to say that it is a new edition of his rendering of the Odyssey into English in the Spenserian stanza originally published in two parts in 1861 and 1862. The best proof of its merit is that a fresh edition should be required, for it is very rarely that verse translations of the classics need reprinting, but this translation has an ease and freshness which recommend it alike to English readers and to those who in studying the original enjoy having a poetic version at their side. The rendering of Od. 9. 109-115, where the country of the Cyclopes is described, will serve to indicate the general nature of the work:—

"There all good fruits on the spontaneous soil
Fed by the rain of Zeus for ever grow;
Unsown, untended, corn and wine and oil
Spring to their hand; but they no councils know,
Nor justice, but for ever lawless go.
Housed in the hills they neither buy nor sell,
No kindly offices demand or show;
Each in the hollow cave where he doth dwell
Gives law to wife and children as he thinketh well."

T. E. Page.

A LECTURE ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.*

The Oxford and Cambridge chairs of Modern History so lately left vacant by Froude and Seeley have been filled, theone by a scholar of brilliant talent and encyclopædic knowledge of most literatures under the sun, the other by a savant whose position in the literary world is almost unique. For Lord Acton at least thirty years ago was known to be the best read man of his time, and to have the power to make that preeminence felt whenever he chose to display it. Hitherto he has rarely and only partially disclosed his treasures, but has continued to pursue the life of an eighteenth-century scholar, ever strengthening and refining his thought and augmenting his learning. Doubtless England possesses other scholars of the same precious type, but they are, and will probably remain, in self-sought obscurity. Public opinion, long alive to Lord Acton's merits, has unanimously welcomed him to his natural sphere as an authoritative teacher and an official guardian of one important branch of learning. For in him it felt that Cambridge was securing a man of ripe erudition and perfectly trained judgment, whose powers had been gradually and fully developed in the seclusion of laborious leisure, unwarped and undisturbed by the rivalries and competitions which are the lot of aspirants to academic fame.

More than one original thinker has lately handled the nature and conditions of the "Study of History," and has left the Cambridge professor little scope for novelty. But that he has secured by the novelty of his method. Into a single lecture he has contrived to compress very nearly the whole philosophy and ethics of the matter. Moreover, in few words he has represented, compared, and contrasted the standpoints and methods of every historical school. This rigorous compression has its inevitable consequences. The transitions and connections of arguments are sometimes difficult to follow, and the language, however eloquent, is not always free from a certain obscurity, possibly due to the influence of German metaphysics. But usually his summaries are startling in their amplitude of meaning and brevity of diction. Such passages as the following would not be easy to match elsewhere.

"Learn as much by writing as by reading; be not content with the best book; seek side-lights from the others; have no favourites; keep men and things apart; guard against the prestige of great names; see that your judgments are your own, and do not shrink from disagreement; no trusting without testing; be more severe to ideas than to actions; do not overlook the strength of the bad cause or the weakness of the good; never be surprised by the crumbling of an idol or the disclosure of a skeleton; judge talent at its best and character at its worst; suspect power more than vice, and study problems in preference to periods."

Such maxims may not be original, but here, like rough diamonds, they are cut and polished down into brilliants. In fact, the Professor's teaching is everywhere the conscious reflection of other minds, but those only the greatest. Not content with this, he adds a body of Notes twice the volume of the lecture, notes of a most unusual character, for they consist wholly of quotations from various writers, English and foreign, corroborating or illustrating his statements. May we not venture to infer that they are extracted from a commonplace book, possibly the richest and best selected extant, and which, if too voluminous for publication, we may hope will find a final resting-place in some library accessible to scholars. These Notes make the little book a permanent possession; they are as didactic as the Lecture itself, for the care, the skill, the felicity with which they have been selected form both a lesson and an example to the student.

But to men like Lord Acton we look not merely for echoes, but for independent judgments; nor does he withhold them. "The weight of public opinion," he says, "is against me when I exhort you never to debase the moral currency, or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict upon wrong." And this doctrine—to me at least irrefragable—he fortifies by noble quotations from Froude and Mr. Goldwin Smith, neither of whom, however, have always practised it in their works.

The lecture ranges over so vast a field, and cuts into so many problems as to present a hundred temptations to commentary. These we must resist, and rather than criticise simply commend and recommend. For it can hardly be that a single reader who cares for ripe thought and incisive language will fail to thank those who point him to a book so rich in both. And in sympathy too. For, in spite of his Draconian code, the Professor's criticisms of the truly good and great are always appreciations. His vindication of the quenchless spirit and colossal labours of Ranke borders closely on pathos. To men so alien as Luther, Gibbon and Voltaire this most liberal of Catholics is always just and respectful. For toleration he understands in a sense in which the world never has and perhaps never will conceive it, but in its only legitimate sense; not contemptuous indifferentism, not politic indulgence, not suspension of hostilities, not armed neutrality, but a bond of common sympathy in view of a common aim, based on that appreciable residuum of divine humanity—its hopes, its yearnings, its inspirations, its sacrifice—which sinks out of sight to the bottom of every creed; a toleration perfectly consistent with tenacious grasp and strenuous advocacy of his own faith, at least by the philosopher who forgets not the mournful truth which Cardan has put into words that Lord Acton might well have quoted. "Le monde est grand; le temps est long; l'erreur et la crainte pèsent beaucoup sur les hommes."

One more quotation—a brilliant example of the too often forgotten sequence of events. After the Austrian surrender at Ulm,

"Pitt's friends concluded that the contest on land was hopeless, and that it was time to abandon the Continent to the conqueror, and to fall back upon our new empire of the sea. Pitt did not agree with them. He said that Napoleon would meet with a check whenever he encountered a national resistance, and he declared that Spain was the place for it, and that England would intervene. General Wellesley, fresh from India, was present. Ten years later, when he had accomplished that which Pitt had seen in the lucid prescience of his last days, he related at Paris what I scarcely hesitate to call the most astounding and profound prediction in all political history."

Lord Rosebery will regret with us that this forgotten fact was not revived in time to be enshrined in his admirable "Life of Pitt." Y. Y.

* "A Lecture on the Study of History." By Lord Acton. Price 2s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

LANCELOT ANDREWES AND HIS PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.*

"There is nothing," says Dr. Whyte, "in the whole range of devotional literature to be set beside Andrewes's incomparable *Devotions*." The beautiful little book in which, with the help of earlier translators and of a private hand, he has transcribed Andrewes's Devotions anew ought to introduce them to a wide circle. They are not to be read,

* "Lancelot Andrewes and his Private Devotions." A Biography, a Transcript, and an Interpretation. By Alexander Whyte. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

but used as private prayers and thanksgivings, and to criticise them would be out of place. Dr. Whyte thinks Andrewes is "at his best in repentance and confession." One may agree with this, and yet be unable to get over the feeling that it is artificial for a man to call himself "an hyperbole of sin"; and that it does not aid penitence to call oneself "an unclean worm, a dead dog, a putrid corpse." Nor is this merely a question of taste, which perhaps has no right to be heard in the matter; deliberate extravagances like those quoted are foreign to the Scriptures. Who could imagine them, for instance, in the 51st Psalm, to say nothing of the Apostolic writers, who lived in the joyful consciousness of redemption? But in Andrewes such expressions are very rare, and the Devotions have gained a place from which no blemishes can thrust them. The biography is a characteristic and fascinating specimen of Dr. Whyte's work; and though it judges the man, in the great trial of his life, with the inevitable severity, it prepares us to appreciate much that is most striking in the Devotions. To read the history lying behind prayers which are so largely made up of borrowed language is a precarious task, but Dr. Whyte has certainly done something to connect the Devotions with the life, and to give them part of its reality and interest.

WILLIAM BLAKE.*

If the saying, that to be representative is to be famous, have anything of truth, the fame of William Blake should overspread the world; for, just as Shelley is the example from which most men fashion their conception of the poetic temperament, Blake is, to the bulk of students, the most representative of seers, the one in whom the flame is most pure and most continual. Swedenborg had perhaps as great an original genius, but he commingled Biblical commentary and moral argument with his vision; while Boehme, who had possibly a greater genius, was much of a theologian and something of an alchemist; and neither Swedenborg nor Boehme had an exterior life perfectly dominated and moulded by the interior spirit. I have said that Boehme had possibly a greater original genius, not because he seems to me so important to our time, but because he first taught in the modern world the principles which Blake first expressed in the language of poetry; and of these the most important, and the one from which the others spring, is that the imagination is the means whereby we communicate with God. "The word image," says "The Way of Christ," a compilation from Boehme and Law's interpretations of Boehme, published at Bath when Blake was eighteen, "meaneth not only a creaturely resemblance, in which sense man is said to be the Image of God; but it signifieth also a spiritual substance, a birth or effect of a will, wrought in and by a spiritual being or power. And imagination, which we are apt erroneously to consider an airy, idle, and impotent faculty of the human mind, dealing in fiction and roving in phantasy or idea without producing any powerful or permanent, is the magia or power of raising and forming such images or substances, and the greatest power in nature." The proud and lonely spirit of Blake was possessed and upheld by this doctrine, and enabled to face the world with the consciousness of a divine mission, for were not the poet and the artist more men of imagination than any others, and therefore more prophets of God? Boehme taught that prayer was the great power which acts upon imagination, and thereby "forms and transforms" the souls of men "into everything that its desires reach after." But Blake held the creation of beautiful thoughts or forms or acts to be the greater power, and affirmed that "Christ's apostles were artists," that "Christianity is art," that "the whole business of man is the arts," that the beautiful states of being which the artist in life or thought perceives by his imagination and tries to call up in himself or others "are the real and eternal world of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow," and that "the Holy Ghost" is "an intellectual fountain." The old mystics had the words "goodness" and "holiness" much in their mouths, and strained out of its true meaning the saying that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness"; but his cry was, "I care not whether a man is good or bad; all I care is whether he is a wise man or a fool. Go, put off holiness, and put on intellect," and by intellect he meant his reason, his imagination. He was the first to claim for imagination the freedom which, Mr. Pater has told us, was won for the heart by the Renaissance, and through his unlearned and obscure voice spoke the unborn learning and glory of the modern world. There are some who hold that he who wrote, "grandeur of ideas is founded upon precision of ideas," and whose great word was, according to Palmer, "precision," was a mere child delighting in meaningless words out of sheer love of their sound or their momentary charm; and there are others, and these are perhaps the bulk of idle readers, who will have it that it does not matter whether the "Prophetic Books" had or had not a meaning, for his more charming lyrics are all we need know, as though a philosophy which has blossomed in so many a vivid aphorism had not its separate interest. It is to Dr. Garnett's credit that he does not, like some of his predecessors, definitely commit himself to the first theory, though such sentences as, he "could manifestly be as transparent as a crystal when he knew exactly what he wished to say—a remark which may not be useless to the student of mystical and prophetical writings," which is as though one should say, "the songs of Shakespeare are very clear, let us therefore trouble no more over the mystery of Hamlet, for all that was writ at haphazard," is very nearly a committal. He has, however, very definitely pronounced for the second and greater folly by affirming that if Hayley "thought that one page of the 'Poetical Sketches' or the 'Songs of Innocence' was worth many pages of 'Urigen,' apart from the illustrations, he had reason for what he thought," as though one could judge of the value of a book without understanding what it is about; and if the truth be told, Mr. Garnett, like Mr. Gilchrist, Mr. Rossetti, and almost every one who has ever written on the subject, does not show evidence of having ever given so much as a day's study to any part of Blake's mystical writing, or of having anything of the knowledge necessary to make even prolonged study fruitful. This very book of "Urigen" would alone convict commentators, for they have not even discovered the fact lying upon its threshold, that it is page by page a transformation, according to Blake's peculiar illumination, of the doctrine set forth in the opening chapters of the "Mysterium Magnum" of Jacob Boehme; yet none so certain of their opinion as they, none so sweeping in statement.

These follies, for which he has distinguished precedents, apart, Dr. Garnett has worked modestly and carefully, and produced an essay, which pleasantly accompanies some admirable reproductions, of which two are in colour, and which, though it certainly neither throws nor tries to throw new light on anything, yet tells gracefully enough the essential facts of a beautiful life, and enumerates and describes accurately many famous pictures and poems. There is, however, one curious slip which is several times repeated. Dr. Garnett speaks of "Sampson" as a blank verse poem, and regrets that Blake did not write his "Prophetic Books" in a like regular metre, instead of in a loose chant, to the fashioning of which he "may have been influenced by Ossian." "Sampson" was written at a time in which Blake was manifestly "influenced by Ossian," and both written and printed as prose in the "Poetical Sketches." Mr. Garnett has evidently seen the poem in Mr. Rossetti's edition, where it is printed as a kind of irregular blank verse, to show how the cadence of verse clung to Blake's mind even in prose, and has confused it with the fairly regular verse of "Edward the Third"; and if he reads it again he will find that it bears no comparison with the beautiful fluid rhythms of "Thell," and of the best parts of "Vala" and of "The Daughters of Albion." The pity is, not that Blake did not write the "Prophetic Books" in blank verse, but that he did not sustain the level of their finest passages. Despite these and some misunderstandings beside, Dr. Garnett's book may be cordially recommended to all who would learn a little of one of the most creative minds of modern days, for its futilities are wholly, and its errors almost wholly, in the parts where it touches mysticism, and for mysticism the general reader cares naught, nor is it dreadful that he should.

W. B. Yeats.

* "William Blake." By Richard Garnett. The Portfolio. (Seeley and Co.)

THE INTERNATIONAL CRITICAL COMMENTARY.*

The "International Critical Commentary" promises to be one of the most successful enterprises of an enterprising age. It is perhaps rather soon to judge of it as a whole; but so far as it has gone it satisfies the highest expectations and requirements. Books which represent an advancing science cannot of course be final. At the best they can only be up to date. They can present the result of original research, and can gather whatever of value previous writers have adduced, they can give this material its proper place, and proportion, and application, and they can pronounce judgments ripened by discussion, by growing light, and by experience. The two volumes of the "International Commentary" now issued, one on the Old Testament and one on the New, one by an American, the other by Englishmen, will be accepted as worthily representing the present attainment of Biblical science.

Dr. Moore has had an exceptionally difficult task—a task demanding not merely the most ample knowledge, but also the training, the insight, and the independence of a pioneer in criticism. To sort out the constituent parts of the Book of "Judges," to allot the several parts to their respective sources and dates, to assign to each its proper measure of trustworthiness, and to discover through many accretions and much confusion the true text, is a task which only the sturdiest critic could face. "That the task is delicate and difficult, and in the nature of the case largely conjectural, cannot exempt the commentator from trying to solve these knotty questions. At the most, the uncertainties of criticism are infinitely preferable to the exegetical violence which is the only alternative." That is quite true; yet, as the reader finds how summarily Dr. Moore deals with certain incidents and expressions, he feels discouraged by the amount of uncertainty with which he is confronted, and also gathers the suspicion that here and there the criticism is merely subjective. No doubt Dr. Moore has left no stone unturned under which the truth might be found, and he has so assimilated all the available material for criticism, that he might reasonably claim to have acquired a trustworthy, if not infallible, tact and discernment; but certainly we need frequently to remind ourselves that this or that emendation or decision is only conjectural and not ascertained.

The philological part of the work is a great advance on anything we already possess on "Judges." Dr. Moore has spared no pains to make every passage intelligible. Individual words and constructions and allusions are carefully examined, and abundant scholarship both in the language and in the topography and antiquities is made available for the elucidation of the text. It should also be said, that the linguistic details are kept separate from the main thread of commentary, which is written in an easy, lucid, and graceful style, and can be read with comfort by anyone, however unacquainted with Hebrew. As a critical and exegetical commentary on the book of "Judges" we have nothing even to put in comparison with this of Dr. Moore's.

Little need be said of the manner in which Professor Sanday and Mr. Headlam have executed their task. The Introduction, of more than a hundred pages, in which some account is given of the Rome of the first century, and of the origin of the Christian Church there, is of first-rate quality. Recondite sources have been used, and the material relevant has been fused by a lively and sound historical imagination. Professor Sanday's peculiar qualifications as a textual critic are conspicuously in evidence. Other features of the work which give it exceptional value are its abundant references to Jewish literature; the brief histories of the interpretation of notable texts, which from time to time are inserted; the occasional discussion or exposition of important elements in the theology of Paul; and the constant notice of the most recent monographs and articles. The brief characterisation of the best known commentaries is full of careful discrimination, and will be of service. It may be questioned whether the authors ought not either to have said more on some theological points or to have said nothing. The great doctrines taught in the Epistle to the "Romans" do not yield themselves to the kind of treatment they here receive, a treatment fair and good so far as it goes, but incomplete. And one cannot but wish that the writers of this commentary had given greater heed to the statement and practice of their colleague, Dr. Moore, who says in his preface: "In the philological notes, I have been mindful of the fact that it is the commentator's duty not to follow the lexicographer and the grammarian, but to precede them; and have investigated afresh, and as far as possible exhaustively, all questions of etymology, usage, and construction which seemed to require it." This commendable practice has only been intermittently adopted by the commentators on "Romans." Their index of Greek words is indeed full and promising, but it is merely a clue to the passage where the words occur, not a certificate that their meaning is ascertained or discussed. Sometimes where the meaning of an expression is discussed, no reference is given to scholars who have shown how the meaning is determined. Apart from this, the commentary puts the reader in possession of much which hitherto has not been used for the illustration of the Pauline Epistles. It materially adds to the sum of our knowledge, it presents a very large amount of original, relevant, and most valuable observation, and it will certainly be recognised as indispensable to the student of this important epistle. Marcus Dods.

* "A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Judges." By the Rev. George F. Moore, D.D., Professor of Hebrew in Andover Theological Seminary.

"A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans." By the Rev. William Sanday, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, B.D. (T. and T. Clark.)

POEMS AND VERSES.*

"E. Nesbit" has a fluent lyrical faculty which sometimes tends to become merely facile. She rhymes with ease, and has won a perfect mastery over her material. Thus now and then an inferior theme tempts her from the high ways of poetry. But apart from that weakness her new volume is conspicuously graceful and melodious. Her verses keep an even tenor, and almost every lyric pleases. We quote one at random:

"Now that the curtains are drawn close,
Now that the fire burns low,
And on her narrow bed the rose
Is stark laid out in snow;
Now that the wind of winter blows
Bid my heart say if still it knows
The step it used to know.

"I hear the silken gown you wear
Sweep on the gallery floor.
Your step comes up the wide, dark stair,
And pauses at my door.
My heart with the old hope flowers fair—
But shrivels to the old despair,
For you come in no more."

But this graceful level is by no means the full measure of E. Nesbit's powers. In the section entitled "Myrrh" will be found several poems that strike a deeper note. Such verses as those styled "The Gray Folk," "The Treasure," "Love's Guerdons," "The Better Part," and "The Past" come nearer realising the author's proper individuality as an artist. While she has often before given us such lines as these—

"How can I tell you how I love you, dear?
There is no music now the world is old;
The songs have all been sung, the tales all told,
Broken the vows are all this many a year;"

we do not remember so frequently the richness of the following:

"The house with blind unhappy face,
Stands lonely in the last year's corn,
And in the grayness of the morn
The gray folk come about the place.

* "A Pomander of Verse." By E. Nesbit. (London: John Lane.)

"The Two Thrones." By John A. Goodchild. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.)

"Songs of the South." Second series. By J. B. O'Hara. (London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden.)

"Sintram: A Northern Drama." By a Graduate of Balliol. (London: Kegan Paul.)

"By many pathways and gliding gray,
They come past meadow, wood, and wold,
Come by the farm and by the fold,
From the green fields of yesterday."

There is, in fine, a singular variety in this pretty volume. Nothing of its kind is better than the "Child's Song in Spring," with its tremulous lilt.

"Such a gay green gown God gives the larches—
As green as He is good!
The hazels hold up their arms for arches,
When Spring rides through the wood."

Or what, again, can be more admirable than this "Lullaby"?

"Sleep, sleep, my treasure,
The long day's pleasure
Has tired the birds; to their nests they creep.
The garden still is
Alight with lilies,
But all the daisies are fast asleep.

"Sleep, sleep, my darling,
Dawn wakes the starling,
The sparrow stirs when he sees day break;
But all the meadow
Is wrapped in shadow,
And you must sleep till the daisies wake."

Among the many volumes of verse published in the year there are few as attractive as "A Pomander of Verse."

Mr. J. A. Goodchild is no novice at verses. He has published several volumes, and his latest book shows the skill and familiarity which this prenticeship might presuppose. "The Two Thrones" is "not, as the reader will find, a dramatic poem," but "merely a sketch of two altered characters modified by education and environment." Mr. Goodchild considers that his sketch is a failure if these characters are not distinctly drawn. Indeed, they are drawn with sufficient vividness to justify a certain interest in their transactions. But that fact does not account for the poetic form of the sketch. Mr. Goodchild's blank verse is irreproachable but a trifle monotonous. Here is an average specimen:

"Fools, was it fool or devil that hath set
Two thrones upon one dais? Mighty seas
May scarce hold thrones apart. A thousand leagues
Of champaign, and an hundred castled towns,
Remove not far the hatred of two thrones."

We can find no fault in this, save that it is uninspiring. Far better are other, less ambitious, pieces, with their occasional felicities such as

"And our souls unborn in the womb of right,
Are quick with his spark of eternal light."

or

"I tread the wave, touch light the sod,
Yet crush down every ill unshod,
Who walks at dawn beside my God."

But we will confess that we are more grateful to Mr. Goodchild for the French original of some verses which he translates, than for anything else in the book. They are too long to quote, but their strange archaism may be gathered from the opening stanzas:

"'Ma pauvre enfant,
Qui est dessous la terre;
Ma pauvre enfant,
Soulève donc ta pierre.'
'Chère maman,
Donnez m'y ma chemise;
Chère maman,
Bien fort souffle la lise.'"

Mr. O'Hara lives in Australia, and has an ear for the echoes of Europe. He has a tender sympathetic strain of his own, and a feeling for poetry which quite disarms a critic at so great a distance. For the rest we fear he builds too much upon the foundations of others ever to write original verse. Mr. Swinburne is his special favourite, and almost all his pieces have the swing and measure of "Poems and Ballads." Sometimes even the cadence and phrasing are copied. Mr. Swinburne once wrote a very long poem called "A Forsaken Garden;" Mr. O'Hara has written "An Old Hut" in almost obsequious admiration; as this is witness—

"Yet the spring sheds blossoms around the ruin,
The pale pink hues of the wild-briar rose,
The wild rose wasted by winds that blew in
The wealth bloom that the sun-god knows.
But few are the flowers and the scents that wither
Ere the winds rush forth with a stolen bloom,
For flower and scent in the winds together
Find one tomb."

We are not anxious to discourage Mr. O'Hara, but the imitation is a little barefaced.

"A Graduate of Balliol" offers no hostages to fortune by so styling himself. Poetry does not necessarily come out of Balliol. "Sintram," as far as we can gather, is a dramatic versification of De La Motte Fouqué's romantic tale. But we have failed to find it an improvement upon the German's simple narrative, and the most that we can say is that it displays lofty ambitions and a passionate zeal.

JOHN HOWE.*

In the life of John Howe, as a leader of religion, Dr. Horton has found a congenial subject. His book is a model of what such a work should be. The writing is clear, unforced, and felicitous. The man, John Howe, stands out in all the dignity and charm of his character, and in all his significance as a representative figure in the religious history of England. Indeed, it would not be beside the mark to describe Dr. Horton's work as an apologia for English Nonconformity. Howe and those whom he represented separated from a Church which had become a sect; they were Nonconformists in the interest of Catholicity. Although they longed for comprehension, and found it hard to gain bare toleration, they were themselves perfectly tolerant; at least Howe was. He has a gentle prayer even for those bitter High Churchmen who "will refuse our communion unless we will embrace theirs upon such terms as to abandon the communion of all *other* Christians, that are upon the same bottom with ourselves and them." Perhaps Dr. Horton has too little appreciation of "corporate reunion": the New Testament ideal is one body as well as one spirit. But the magnanimity and true Catholicity of the fathers of English Nonconformity are singularly illustrated in the character and work of Howe, and no one could wish a more competent and sympathetic introduction to them than Dr. Horton offers in this book. There are one or two phrases which might mislead a hasty reader. On p. 161 "a visit from the Whig Bishop of Salisbury, the historian Burnet" suggests that Burnet was Bishop of Salisbury at the time of the visit, which was not the case; and on p. 140 Dr. Horton uses the meaningless expression, "other people of that ilk," as if "ilk" meant rank or character.

James Denney.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES AND OTHER DISCOURSES.†

This volume, which has been prepared for the press by Mr. A. W. W. Dale, consists of two equal but dissimilar parts. In the first there are ten expository sermons on the Epistle of James, marked by the habitual insight and vigour of the author in dealing with ethical questions. It is a contribution rather to the application than to the interpretation of the epistle. The explanation which Dr. Dale "ventures to suggest" of the word rendered "without variance" in ch. iii. 17, was anticipated by Neander; and the peculiar punctuation by which a wholly new sense is given

* "John Howe." By Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. (Methuen and Co.)

† "The Epistle of James and Other Discourses." By R. W. Dale, LL.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

to ch. iv. 2, and which he ascribes to Mr. Mayor, was given much earlier in the margin of Westcott and Hort. The second part of the volume, which also contains ten sermons, is extraordinarily interesting and impressive. It presents Dr. Dale at his best, both as theologian and moralist. It has the character, to a great extent, of a personal testimony, not in the superficial form of reminiscences, though there are one or two of these, but in the profound and moving form of the great spiritual convictions which the experience of life had left with the author. There is nothing impromptu here, nothing untested. The most familiar and recurrent thoughts are the greatest; and their greatness and reality lift them above the risk of becoming commonplace. The idea of the kinship between man and Christ involved in the fact that Christ the Son of God could die for us; the importance to Christian life of what the New Testament calls "hope"; the awful reality of judgment to come; these are so spoken of and so deeply felt that the mind of the reader is subdued in strong sympathy with the preacher. And there are readings of contemporary history too, and remarks on the changes in Christian life within the last fifty years, which provoke thought. They are never censorious, though there is a grave irony in some of them. But they are very serious. "The idea of moral freedom has sensibly become less and less distinct during the last thirty or forty years." This is only one sample of such observations, and though one might reply that if the sense of individual responsibility has been lessened, that of collective responsibility has been increased, the question would still have to be answered, whether the gain counter-balanced the loss. Dr. Dale speaks to conscience and experience on every page, and his last words will be valued most by those who are most interested in the ever changing fortunes of Christian truth in the manifold life of men.

JAMES DENNEY.

NOVEL NOTES.

AT THE SIGN OF THE OSTRICH. By Charles James. (Chapman and Hall, Ld.)

This is a tale of revenge and the darker passions. The Host of the Ostrich has committed no less than seven murders when the tale begins. The date is the reign of George the Third, which perhaps accounts for these irregularities going entirely unpunished. The hero—he has a name and an alias, but he is usually spoken of as "the handsome gentleman"—is a person also of mixed morals. He is filled with an intolerable thirst for vengeance on a local baronet who, some twenty years previously to the opening of the story, had eloped with the betrothed bride of his, the handsome gentleman's, father. The crime might by some be considered venial, seeing that the deserted gentleman subsequently married another lady. But the handsome gentleman takes a different view and resolves to bring utter ruin and disgrace on the baronet by running away—with the worst possible designs—with his only child, a beautiful young woman. The lady inspires the handsome gentleman with alternate feelings of passionate love and "loathing." She, on her part, returns only the former passion. Such a situation for hero and heroine, it must be acknowledged, is a difficult one. But the handsome gentleman gets triumphantly out of it by coming back after the elopement—much to the surprise of everybody, the reader included—with the lady as his legally espoused wife. The bride explains everything. She draws the "marriage lines" from her bosom and says: "He was a very bad, gay, dreadful man . . . yes, he was as bad as all that put together, and what do you think I did? I just loved him, and loved him until I loved him good. And that is a woman's proper way to rule a man, you know. Isn't it, after all?" To which the author adds the still more striking reflection: "After all! After all vain boastings, bullyings, and false shriekings have fallen silent. After all!"

A MONTH OF MADNESS. By Harold Vallings. 6s. (Bentley.)

Mr. Vallings has written his book to prove something; his proof consists of a dream of madness; and he is quite satisfied that his evidence is perfect. With this weakness at its core it is surprising that the book should be so good as it is. Beguiled by a wicked pessimistic friend, the hero adopts dangerous ideas, can see nothing in the world but human suffering, and begins a crusade against it. His remedy is to kill the sufferers. Leaving wife and children, he takes up his abode in a strange place, and in a crafty way begins his work of benevolent murder. Discovered at last, he is about to be lynched, when he awakes to find he has been very ill, and dreaming for days. His horrible and detailed nightmares give him a distaste of pessimism ever after. A happy result, of course, but one wants to be a little mad to see how it was brought about by the means described in Mr. Vallings' vivid narrative.

THE WAY OF A MAID. By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson). 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

There is a rare pleasantness about this Irish story, a pleasantness which to-day is seldom met with in fiction, where human nature is dealt with in a robust, straightforward way. Mrs. Hinkson has looked very straight indeed at some Irish and English types, but she has not thought it necessary to be low-spirited because they have some of the weaknesses of our common nature. She even refuses, with every opportunity, to break a heart, only allowing it a severe wound which she sets about to cure in the most satisfactory way. One might go far before coming to a story with such precise and life-like portraits as those of the Oliver family, the Hurley household, and Nora Halloran, the English stock of good breed, bright, practical, generous; the two little *dévotes*, homesick at home for the calm ecstasy of the convent; and the emotional, high-strung Nora. We seem to know Coolevara very well after living with these, and Ireland, both Catholic and Protestant Ireland, a little better than before. Though a pleasant story it is enough of an anxious one to be interesting. In the careers of Nora, of Jessie Oliver, and a few more, there are difficult passages to thread; the sweetness of the general tone is not cloying. Indeed, Mrs. Hinkson has never written more satisfactorily in prose. This and some earlier work seems to us to point to one field where she would be particularly successful just now. Girls' fiction was never less ably supplied than it is at present, and girls are greedy and grateful for new books. Mrs. Hinkson has just the qualities needed—strong sympathy with the young, an appreciation of the graces of life, no primness, but a persuasive way of showing to young revolutionary minds that there is a good deal to be said for the old ways of life and thought and feeling.

THE FIERY FURNACE. By F. Reginald Statham. 6s. (Gibbings.)

Mr. Statham dedicates his novel to "all suffering women." As a relaxation it may suit their case. The heroine's troubles are a little too exceptional to reflect those of the majority of women, and her personality is not very attractive, in spite of the author's best efforts. The refined member of a vulgarly genteel family, she was snubbed at home, then basely betrayed by her lover, and when fortune showered wealth on her, was blackmailed by the villain. But she ever emerged triumphantly, and at each emergence was more conscious of virtue. It was greatly to her credit that she devoted herself to good works when the plebeian uncle's money came to her, and we feel we should have greatly esteemed in real life what does not attract us in fiction. There are descriptions of society in the Isle of Man which should have some local interest; there is one very living personage, the good-natured and breezy Mary Batson; and no pains have been spared to fill the book with people, with changes of scene, and with variety of incident. But Mr. Statham lets his characters slip out of his hands; his persons of refinement, the Holts, for instance, speak and think and act basely.

SIR JAFFRAY'S WIFE. By A. W. Marchmont. 2s. 6d. (Warne.)

Sir Jaffray's wife was once Madame Turrian. The result of an angry interview in a dangerous spot was the fall of her husband over a cliff. Then Lola took her maiden name, came to England, and married the baronet for his money, without telling him of her past. She falls in love with her second husband after marriage, and is becoming the most exemplary of wives, we are asked to believe, when M. Turrian appears on the scene to torment and blackmail her.

Some time after, his murdered body is found; our heroine is nearly arrested for the crime; and her innocence is conclusively proved, only after much difficulty. This agitated life was too much for her, and she died, saying it was better so. And we think it was.

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (A. D. Innes)

Mr. Pemberton may be called the Waring of fiction, for he wanders far afield in search of matter. Land travel and seafaring come alike to him. He has delighted us with his pirates, his sea wolves, smugglers, French nobles, and above all with his "Impregnable City." In his new book he professes to give us "certain pages from the Life and Strange Adventures of Sir Nicolas Steele, Bart., as related by his valet Hildebrand Bigg." There is an archaic sound in the title, but we find Sir Nicolas living in a two-pair back, off Gower Street, amidst surroundings quite squalid enough for Mr. Gissing, and at a date not much earlier than yesterday. Sir Nicolas has the reputation of a scoundrel, but Mr. Pemberton's villains wind themselves in a wonderful manner round the reader's heart. What reader of the "Iron Pirate," for instance, has not a sincere affection for Captain Black? Hildebrand and his master wander much about the world, and take their share in many adventures. Mr. Pemberton's numerous admirers should lose no time in making the acquaintance of this brilliant book.

THE COURTSHIP OF MORRICE BUCKLER. By A. E. W Mason. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This is in all respects an admirable story. Morrice Buckler meets us as a peaceful student at Leyden University, and we leave him a fading old man who has "long lost the savour of books," but who in his quiet home among the Cumbrian fells still lives on the memory of his two great years. During that time he rushed from the Tyrol to London, from London to Bristol, from Bristol to Cumberland and back to the Tyrol with a swiftness which would be astonishing now a days, but which was little short of miraculous in the year 1687. We remember no hero of fiction who tires out so many horses. In the cause of friendship and, later on, of love, Morrice Buckler dares and accomplishes everything. He has several deaths on his conscience when he at last rides with Countess Ilga for Innsbrück and freedom, but none the less the reader's heart goes with him. The dovetailings of the story are not quite successful. Why is Countess Ilga a somnambulist for one occasion only? The sudden fit of the messenger Swasfield, which prevents him from delivering the all-important news, is a clumsy *tour de force*. But these are trifles, and the book as a whole will give delight to its readers. We have not for many months read so brilliant a romance.

DISHONOURED. By Theo Gift. 5s. New Edition. (G. Bell.)

Theo Gift has written stories that are better all through than this one, but "Dishonoured" has real merits, and its sensible, genial tone would gain friends for it even were it less good as a story than it happens to be. The chapters that follow Olive's arrival, *incognita*, in Stoneham are the best. Her philosophic acceptance of her situation, poor and unknown, in a suspicious little seaside town, her good-natured, rational conduct as Mr. Scratchett's cashier, secure her a place at once in the hearts of all of us who can endure to have our heroines reasonable. But we can hardly believe she was such an obtuse little fool as to be taken in by the gentleman geologist playing quarryman. And we should advise Miss Theo Gift to avoid such themes in future as the history of Mrs. Danecourt. She is meant to be a pleasant writer, and when such a one handles painful, disagreeable, or sinful subjects, their instinctive determination to be amiable, explanatory, apologetic, ends not in a lightening of the darkness, but in something very like frivolity.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BERNARD BROWN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Bentley.)

While Mr. Bernard Brown is reading Shelley on a hillside and speaking rapturously of "the green light that lingers in the west," detectives and uncharitable people are on his track on the suspicion of his being the brutal murderer of Sir Geoffrey Kynaston. Sir Geoffrey's fiancée had fallen in love with Brown while they stood together over the murdered body, but the victim's sister just before her death, in a frenzied fit, uttered some broken words which, while not killing Helen's love, caused her to set the detectives again on her new lover's track. That is enough to reveal of the plot of a book which has abundant incident, whatever else it may want. But not for a moment would we have a possible reader of this mystery believe that the interesting student of poetry and nature was a wicked assassin. He had every motive for revenge, and the evidence is at first overwhelming. But in reality he is a distinguished author of the highest character, with a very unfortunately complicated and painful family history, which we leave Mr. Oppenheim to disclose.

THE RENEGADE. By James Chalmers. 6s. (Innes.)

After reading a chapter or two of this romance we looked back to the title page to see the date. What was to be read there hardly agreed with this and a hundred other similar passages:—

"'My lady, my lady! call on him to quit this house, where his presence is fatal!'

"'What mean these wild words, Beton?' said the countess. 'Restrain yourself. Although we now know the true character of those who intrude on us with violence and threats, we will not yield to intimidation. Bandit!' she cried addressing the captain with all the vehemence of her haughty nature, 'you stand revealed in your true colours—seek not to hide them.'"

Style, character, and plot are all in keeping, and we only wish they could transport us back to the time when they seemed the fitting medium of high emotion. Realism has surged round Mr. Chalmers in vain. Indeed, we doubt whether he has read and admired any fiction bearing a little later date than 1830. To ignore present naturalistic fashions as he does is almost sublime. His story is one more version of the life of that fiction-writer's treasure, Paul Jones. The origin of the fascinating hero is pretty well authenticated. His collateral descendants, we believe, are quite content for him to be a gardener's son, and their sense of romance is the keener; but Mr. Chalmers, true to the style of fiction that possesses him, makes his plot turn on the renegade being the heir of the earldom of Annan, and thus provides the noble scene summed up in these words: "'My rights are sunk for ever in these scorched-up emblems of nothingness.'

"He pointed to the blackened fragments on the floor."

AN IMPRESSION. By Michael Dure. Called "The Imagination of their Hearts." (Henry.)

This is a specimen of a kind of story far more common than probably the author thinks. Very common indeed; in fact, perhaps just on the point of going out of fashion. Stories of young writers who live in what is called an artistic atmosphere, and who have not very much imagination, are apt to reflect the workshop talk and incidents which are for the moment so important to the writers. But studio shop is very little interesting written down in a book, either to artists or outsiders. The talk here is not good enough to attract the one, nor bright enough to interest the other. There is a story of passionate love and betrayal, with an unsatisfactory kind of marriage at the end. But the passion is hollow, the actors seem to have been self-indulgent in a rather commonplace way, and the background of palette and properties cannot make them picturesque. A dull story is a dull story, whether the scene be in Tooting or Bohemia.

THEATRICALS: An Interlude and other Sketches. By the Author of "Miss Molly." 6s. (Blackwood.)

The ups and downs of this bundle of stories are a little irritating. There are sketches excellent in plan and execution, there are downright failures. We own these downright failures looked at closely enough are made of good stuff; there is nothing cheap about them; but since they are dull in effect, the material or the labour of workmanship does not afford us much comfort. In "Dorothea" and "Enchantment" there are refinements and subtleties that

are by no means usual; but the effort needed to reach the end without liberal skipping will not be undertaken by everyone so heroically as by that conscientious person the reviewer. The fact is, the author of "Miss Molly" moons and dawdles lamentably at times; we follow at her heels blindly, but wherever she means to go, she never gets there. Even "Arabia Petræa" just escapes being a failure, clever as it is, ambitiously clever in its form, for want of a straightforward method, or perhaps from love of narration by innuendo. "Felicity Brooke," on the other hand, is coherent enough, but as ill-luck will have it, though a pleasant story, it is the most commonplace in the book. These are not agreeable things to say of work so good in intention and conception as this, but having said them, we have still a line or so to spare for acknowledgment of the excellence of the first sketch, "Theatricals." It is masterly, and the writer who could make Olivia Craigie so real to us must have excellent work in store. The awakening of an apathetic nature by love, sorrow, and moral danger, can rarely have been better presented.

A POINT OF CONSCIENCE. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3 vols. (Chatto.)

Mrs. Hungerford's story reintroduces us to that convenient personage of melodrama, who has been out of the novelist's favour of late, the wicked governess with the drop of French blood in her veins. She is Miss Maden Royce in this case, and she won the meagre heart of the impecunious Sidney Fenton, who was loved by the beautiful and wealthy Miss Fairfax, who was the lady of the admirable Mr. Anthony Verschoyle's adoration. Sidney, who is very obtuse, entrusts Anthony with a letter containing a proposal of marriage to the heiress. The noble Anthony smothers his agony and promises to deliver it, but the wicked governess comes on the scene and confesses her relations with Fenton, which makes the delivery of the letter an act of treachery to the woman he loves best on earth. Here comes in the point of conscience. Well, he burns the letter, proposes himself to the heiress, and she, rather to our surprise, marries him. Fenton turns up on the wedding-day; the affair of the letter is discovered, and for six months the noble Anthony and the beautiful Cecil are bitterly estranged. But there are very good-natured folks flitting through the story, and by means of them an explanation and reconciliation are brought about. The conversations show a desperate effort at liveliness, which sits heavy on a reader's spirits, and which was really quite unnecessary. There is enough relief offered otherwise by the air of good humour that plays just outside the ring of the wicked and the tragic central personages, a good humour which must have a comforting effect if by chance any reader happens to take the melodrama seriously.

TODDLE ISLAND. Being the Diary of Lord Bottsford. (Bentley).

'Gulliver's Travels' is the model on which this satire has been written. But Lord Bottsford was a mild Gulliver; mild in his language and imagination, that is to say—his indignation is hearty enough. He shows, too, such an amiable desire to let us see through his allegory without too much trouble, that the pains he has been at to weave his fable are perhaps a trifle wasted. The religion, education, government, social conditions of the Toddlers—otherwise ourselves—are satirised very honestly, and after this fashion: "I ventured to say to her that I thought there was a great deal of mystery about the Sacred Ass [*i.e.*, the British Constitution]. . . . 'Madam, have you ever seen this animal?' She grew pale with a sacred horror, and declared she never had . . . . 'but we know the stables where he is kept, and I am spending fabulous sums that my eldest son may become a groom in the stables.' . . . The grooms and the jockeys were the two classes who governed the whole island. . . . By some extraordinary arrangement if a man once became a jockey he was a jockey for life, and his eldest son was also a jockey, but the other sons were not. If the eldest son died childless the second son would be the jockey, but the others would not. This was a piece of mystery suited to a sacred Ass." There is nothing very subtle or recondite about this, it will be observed. 'Toddle Island' is an honest, wholesome, and dull book, ending in philanthropic schemes which are mostly commonplaces today, but desirable none the less.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

QUALES EGO. A few Remarks in Particular and at Large. By G. S. Street. (Lane.)

A pleasant paper on Mrs. Meredith's work, an eulogy on Charles II., an appreciation of Ouida, are the most notable of Mr. Street's "Remarks in Particular." Concerning the two latter he fears—or he assumes the attitude of fear—that he may not be taken quite seriously. He wishes to say on his oath that he would like to see such a king as Charles II. in England; and that, in spite of his intellect and taste, he is not at all above admiring Ouida. As to Ouida, he has virtually admitted all that the critics say in disparagement of her, but begs to call attention to her love of virtue, her "unrestrained and incorrect eloquence," so much worthier than "a merely correct and periphrastic nothingness"—in fact, to the very things of which, in one a little more beloved of the ordinary Philistine critic, Mr. Street would make excellent game. That he wrote it in a disciplinary mood would be the readiest explanation, but perhaps not quite the correct one. Contradictoriness and a sentimental memory of boyhood's enjoyment have also inspired it. In the "Energy" he makes a good deal of the artistic instincts of Charles and of his cheeriness. The latter has never been undervalued; nor the other, so far as they went, denied. He insists, too, on the superiority of his intellect, as instanced by his possession of a greater knowledge of foreign affairs than his ministers. Well, he had had considerably greater opportunities, had he not? Charles was no fool; he was shrewd; he was an amusing companion, and plucky in adversity. But rather inartistically out of place as king of England. Mr. Street makes the common enough mistake of thinking the king who flouted sour Puritanism must be all that could be desired; his attempt at defence, while not weighty, is less witty than his efforts usually are. The best of all his papers is, we think, the very careful and discriminating criticism of Mr. Kenneth Graham's studies of child life, "In Arcady;" and the most amusing, while at the same time the wisest, of the Remarks at Large, is "A Superfluous Label," where he has hit exactly and exquisitely the capacity of the general for criticism. There are other little papers here that are both suggestive and prettily made; and a few that are commonplace enough under their graceful garment of words. "Quales Ego" represents Mr. Street not quite at his best—as the "Autobiography of a Boy" did—but the thinnest of the essays are bright and readable, and the best have unusual distinction.

FATHER ARCHANGEL, OF SCOTLAND. By G. and R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 4s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)

All the papers collected here speak of Spain or Spanish America. They are travel impressions and character studies of exceptional interest, and, save where Mr. Cunninghame Graham becomes facetious, of great charm. Mrs. Graham preserves a calm demeanour throughout, writing of quiet, old-world, out-of-the-world things with a gentle sympathetic grace; and the same description intensified might serve for much of her husband's work, which is, however, varied by passages of great liveliness, uselessly angry outbursts, and foolish jokes. He feels strongly, is extremely sensitive to beauty and to the ugliness of modern life, hates shams, and hates solemnities. There a good many are with him. But he speaks as if he were alone, one solitary angry protester against a vulgar world, and wastes much breath in cheap sneers at what the better part of mankind are agreed in denouncing, if they cannot cure. It is only the ear of the better part he may hope to win; yet readers feel they are being snapped at every now and again, when Mr. Graham is in a discursive humour. He is often in a discursive humour, and he rarely then says anything that is not either wild or trite, while otherwise his style and attitude have grace and beauty. Scots will prick up their ears at one passage—"No one in his wildest fits of patriotism ever talked of Merrie Scotland. . . . Loyal, abstemious, business-like, haggis-eating, tender, disagreeable, true, a Scotsman may be, but merry never." Shades of Burns and Tam o' Shanter here protest; and some of Mr. Graham's own oratory gives his statement the lie. The mirth of Scots is mad and may be fearsome, but Mr. Graham must have kept

poor company if he has not met with it. The commonplace political gibes and nearly all the modern allusions are irritating, and depreciate in a regretable way the value of a book which is otherwise delightful. "The Horses of the Pampas," "A Jesuit," "De Heretico Comburendo"—a description of Valladolid—some passages of "In the Tarumensian Woods," and almost the whole of "Father Archangel of Scotland"—an account taken from a Spanish book of an attempt at the hard task of converting Aberdonians to the old Church—are excellent reading. Mr. Graham has nearly every talent wanted for the literary calling, save the contempt of making points cheaply.

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL. By Dora Wordsworth (Mrs. Quillinan). Edited by Edmund Lee. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

Mr. Edmund Lee has prefixed to the journal which he edits a very charming and touching sketch of Dora Wordsworth, in which he prints several of the poems written by Wordsworth to this jealously loved child, and some verses written by her husband—verses having a certain ring of the master, and much beautiful feeling of the writer's own. It is an almost tragic story, this of the tenderly loved daughter, one of the triad of faithful women—wife, sister, and daughter—who watched the shrine and ministered to the high priest of Rydal. Her companionship with Wordsworth was, to her, full of happiness, without doubt. But she waited nineteen years before his passionate reluctance gave way, and he consented to her marriage with the man she loved, and who was, moreover, the devoted friend and disciple of the poet. The story of her short span of married happiness and of her comparatively early death is the more pathetic from the fact that her spirit was so sweet and buoyant, and that she seemed all unconscious of either heroism or tragedy in her fate.

The journal itself is not so interesting as one could desire. Is it that one's taste is hopelessly spoiled by the candid outpourings—which one deplores so much—of the modern biographer and autobiographer? Perhaps so. But one must admit that one does thirst for something a little more personal than this rigidly reserved narrative gives one. There is a certain quaintness in a footnote which explains that the "Mr. —— spoken of throughout the journal may be taken to refer to Mr. Quillinan." There are, however, many pleasant things in the journal: some pretty descriptions of towns and churches, sea and sunsets; some curious pictures of lodgings for the night over a stable full of mules with jangling bells, and nights made hideous by evils delicately indicated as the "little jumping demon whose name is legion." There are nice adventures in the way of dinners among the hospitable Portuguese, and some unpleasant ones at inns where there was nothing to eat at all; of rides through drenching rain we read, with a shudder, that the poor lady was as wet as if she "had been soused in the Douro." The excellent printing of the book makes it delightful reading.

A STRING OF CHINESE PEACH-STONES. By W. Arthur Cornaby. (C. H. Kelly.)

The author of these sketches has clearly discerned a want in the literature which purposes to inform us on life in China; and he has very ingeniously striven to supply it. Travellers' accounts are often merely a recital of strange things; they are written for the most part from the outside, and appeal only to our sense of wonder, or minister to our desire for information. They do not speak a familiar human language; they stimulate curiosity, not sympathy. We have not complained of this, for we have believed that Chinese civilisation and genius were too remote from our own to permit of a nearer approach to friendship. Mr. Cornaby does not altogether convince us to the contrary in his interesting book, but he has convinced himself, and that is something. Into a series of sketches, which form an unconventional, disjointed story, he has introduced descriptions of home-life, details of education, legends, national and individual characteristics, pictures of landscape, scenes of war and peace, that certainly seem to bring us much nearer to an understanding of the Chinese mind and heart. He presents us with many points of contact, and shows evidence of kinship. His book is a most pleasantly entertaining one to dip into, and very likely the dips will be many and deep. Not only the matter of his stories, but what he tells us of the source of many of them, will make the far country seem for ever after nearer and more comprehensible. Mr. Cornaby lived long in China, and during his first years there he had a Chinese friend of his own age, "a young man of more than ordinary intelligence and communicativeness—a walking encyclopædia of anecdote." He speaks of the intimate friendship in such terms as convince us more than chapters of exposition would do of the possible rapprochement of Far East and West. Yet we are not quite sure but that Mr. Cornaby is sometimes describing an exceptional China. Many of the incidents are concerned with the earlier Taiping Rebellion. Now the leader of the Rebellion was much influenced by Christianity, and the China Mr. Cornaby describes is so too. Without distorting facts, we feel this outside power has been given a greater preponderance than it should have in a book that aims at describing China as a whole.

TALES FROM THE FIELD, FROM THE NORSE OF P. CH. ASBJORNSEN. By Sir George Dasent. New Edition. Illustrated by Moyr Smith. (Gibbings.)

He who does not know Sir George Dasent's "Norse Tales" has matter for regret and expectation. To read these "Tales from the Fjeld" will not quite make up to him, for these are a little less impressive and poetical. But they should not be omitted, and this pretty new edition, with its excellent pictures, affords a good opportunity for making their acquaintance. They are so individual, so full of *Lebenslust*, and so sparkling, that they should find an audience outside the ordinary readers of fairy tales. Let the folk-lore of other parts of Europe have what qualities it will, beauty, subtlety, poetry, none of it can beat Norseland for quick wit and irrepressible fun.

FURTH IN FIELD. By Hugh Haliburton. (Unwin.)

Under this name are printed, probably reprinted, essays on "the life, language, and literature of Scotland;" some of them have an unmistakable air of having first been made for newspapers. We cannot value them all equally; the interest goes on steadily rising to the last page. The first essays on old Scottish festivals and customs have hardly research enough in them to be valuable, nor are they written with such perfect skill as to be altogether justified on the score of agreeableness. "Hugh Haliburton" is not using his best vehicle of expression when he writes in prose. To a Scot they are pleasantly reminiscent of old ways and old times, that is all. The chapter on poaching, to which we turned with eagerness, is hardly vivid enough, and the mention of Watney Tod is really tantalising. "He used to report colloquies with the hare, in which there was revealed an eye for dramatic situation, as well as such a characterisation of the creature as indicated a perfect knowledge of its ways and nature. He anticipated by a quarter of a century Uncle Remus's amusing narratives." And never an illustrative sentence of this. The topographical papers that follow are pleasant reading for south-country Scots. But the value of the book is gathered into the two last sections, "Of the Poet of the Seasons" and "Of Burns in a New Aspect." With loving zeal has "Hugh Haliburton" gathered up all the facts, unfamiliar enough, of Thomson's ancestry, birth, and education, and described the scenes of which his pictures in 'The Seasons' were memories. He has done, in fact, all in his power to detect the Scottish and the local note in Thomson's verse. "Burns in a New Aspect" is an ambitious title, but though there is hardly one of Burns' biographers that has not treated the points emphasised in these short papers, the very emphasis is a new contribution to Burns literature. Burns' productiveness, and the excellence of the quality of his verse during his years in the country, proved by dates and lists, are points worth making. So is the reference to his unusually generous, even uncritically generous, appreciation of other writers. So is the uprooting of the idea that he made his poetry "without models, or with models only of the meanest sort." Perhaps the best bit of work in the book is the examination of Burns' reading, and the use made of it.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. H.—These are high matters. Poets hint at them. Philosophers discourse lengthily thereon. You have made a hybrid production—a lengthy discourse in metre—and the result is not happy. If you chose a more familiar subject, I think you would more readily know when you were writing poetry and when you were only using fine language. An excellent exercise for you would be to write a candid criticism of your performance.

ALAN MAR.—An impressive story. It is written in a style very suitable for its purpose, and very carefully. I have no criticisms to offer. It would stand a very good chance of success if offered to a religious periodical of the right colour, or to a West of England newspaper.

A. M.—Contains a great deal of excellent matter. I began it with prejudice, because it really is written in an unattractive way, and there were trite things that dulled the commencement. Persevering, I found it a very long way above the average. But it is wordy, and it is heavy. If you could write its substance in five or six pages you might make a most creditable thing of it. Such an essay is very difficult—almost impossible—to place; I hope you will not, therefore, regret having written it. I think you have the beginnings of a very sound critic in you. Cultivate brevity and grace.

AMMODISCUS.—Very nice language, but not promising as poetry.

H. P. I.—Good but a little lengthy, as peasant tales, told literally, are apt to be. A Welsh paper or periodical might accept it. It is well you are writing your longer story on a different plan. Unless the language is particularly picturesque, literal transcription of speech is a wearisome method. Apart from any merits as fiction—I cannot judge of these from this specimen—your work is worth doing. You may preserve the memory of old ways beliefs, and legends.

E. S. S. BEE.—I don't like criticising such MS. as exhibit very strong personal feeling. Criticism gives pain generally in these cases, and is useless. The verses may have no literary merit, and yet fulfil the object for which they were written.

F. A. B.—It seems to me artificial. Would a child of that age understand the mere words of such a text, before they had been explained by the sermon? However, the idea in the story may be more beautiful than I know. A child's religious magazine might print it.

F. C.—Any friend would like to receive such affectionate verses. They are most suitable for their purpose. But their merits are not poetical or literary.

F. D.—MS. almost illegible. It would be put aside as such at once if sent as a contribution to a periodical. The descriptions seem vivid, so far as I can judge from the words I have been able to read. Newspapers do accept this kind of thing, knowing the lust of the English reader for travel impressions.

G. G.—There is one striking line—"I shall take my daily ramble where the lambkins gaily gamble." If you could write up the whole to that level, it would be a successful and amusing poem. I can hardly think you take your efforts seriously.

GEORGE HENRY.—Omit the introduction, which is poor. The rest, in spite of its sensation, is not impressive. I do not see evidence of any literary gift in your work; but you might learn to write stories briefly and correctly. I do not advise you sending this to an editor.

GERALD BROWN.—A very nice little story; but there are so many like it. Send it to a young lady's paper. Look after your typewriter, who is weak in punctuation.

G. N. B.—No. 1, very pretty. No. 2, "Save only I," is ugly and incorrect. But the lines are graceful. I could not judge of the writer's power by such scraps, but the grace, and absence of wordiness, are promising.

HAMADRYAD.—Good idea. Not quite successfully carried out. It wants rather a lighter wit. A little more detail, too, is needed. How would an encounter with another kind of poet do? It would not be improbable in MS. way of life, and might be amusing.

H. P. W.—Review not received. Verses are very ordinary. As to your request, you should first get a local start. This should not be very difficult, as you ask no remuneration. There is no opening in the direction you name, I am sorry to say.

H. W. J.—Your perfervid utterances are more rhetorical than literary. You will set me down as one of those cold-blooded, contemptuous critics who laugh at books "throbbing with temperament, written with streaming eyes, painting the evolution of a soul." But it will do you some good to look at the matter from the cool critic's point of view. You make no distinction between indifference to truth and feeling and a distaste of exaggeration. The latter is homage to truth. A slight lack of humour is likely to vitiate your critical powers. But the essay interests me, and I recognise its ability, which will strengthen when you have perceived the difference between emotion which is absorbed and works unobtrusively, and emotion which is worn on the sleeve. It is, of course, the greatest mistake that the public were not interested in S.'s personality. It is just what they were interested in.

HYACINTH.—The verses are grammatical, but they are quite commonplace and without a touch of poetry. You would not be able to sell them.

J. A. G.—Very amusing. I hope it may find a home somewhere. Send it about. But even in a facetious story the first paragraph is out of place. Cut it out. You may write something very good one day. This is precocious. I think an interview with the minister himself would not have been amiss. You would have, of course, to talk of theology instead of the subject in your mind.

J. B.—The first two won't do at all. No. 3 is doggerel, but there are some vivid images. No. 4 shows you have some imagination. But I seriously advise you not to write verse, save for your private amusement. Read poetry instead.

J. M. A.—This is not a story, but an anecdote. Not a very probable anecdote either, but that is of no importance. This is much below the ability of the last specimen of your work I saw. Can you not see how weak it is? A loses his situation and, in an incredible but not interesting way, meets B, who wants just such a man. That is all.

J. M. C.—I think this would only be listened to from the pulpit. A sermon is a good thing, but literary exercises should not be cast in that form, which allows, as words spoken always do, an amount of self-evident statements and quite familiar, even commonplace instances, that is fatal to interesting and stimulating writing. This might be read at an essay society.

JOHN QUILL.—You have done best honour to Burns and Herrick. But I do not think you can speak of a "haloed" plough. And there is surely some exaggeration in saying that Pope knew all the secrets and hopes of man. But the verses are pleasant. I don't think they would be accepted together. The Burns ones might have a chance this year.

MUSICIAN.—I can hear now the lusty voices singing it. I feel sure if the energy of your music is equal to that of your verse, the song will be a great success.

PHILIP.—Present title best. Dull beginning. Your purpose is more interesting than your story in illustration of it. Composition fairly good. I have no wish to discourage any one who shows such evidence of good feeling and such a love of beauty. But this allegorical kind of stories is the very worst kind of exercise for you. You would detect your own faults much sooner in writing what would demand clearer thinking, more definite description, and less fine language.

PLODDING ON.—It is a very unconvincing kind of moralising this. And the words are a little prosy. But many people find this kind of thing helpful. Not a very suitable metre for moral teaching, is it? though Tennyson knew how to make use of it for a kindred purpose. "Fugitive" and "life" don't rhyme.

R. A. G.—There are some dignified verses in it, though the meter is a somewhat jingly one. But it is a little dull, and though I applaud the writer of such sentiments, I cannot call the utterance given to them poetry.

R. H. M.—Rather a stiff birthday greeting. Something livelier would be more seasonable. I am sorry I cannot send you encouragement to write other than complimentary verses.

S. S. M.—Every part of it is better than the beginning, which is dull. Conversations transcribed almost literally from ordinary folk's speech are nearly always dull. The whole story is a little thin; and the end of it is too obvious from the commencement. But its point of view and tone are very popular, and I think an editor of a family magazine might accept it.

TABLEY BEAUMONT.—Not at all bad in an artificial way. But without the context I can't judge fairly of it. Your verse is much better than the prose in your letter. And for the verse, to write in the language of to-day would be a better test.

TANCRED TANCRED.—Very unequal, but with some really fine things in it. Would you mind sacrificing the first verse? It would then have a strong beginning, "You have no," etc. I don't care much for verses 5 and 10. There are a few weak lines in the others; your poetic instinct should teach you which they are. Doctor this a little, and send this to a magazine. Whether it be accepted or not, it is good. There is poetry in it. You may preserve the memory of old ways, beliefs, and legends.

X. Y. G. O.—Very pretty and pleasant.

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CHAPMAN, A.—First Lessons in the Art of Wildfowling, 10/6 H. Cot

CHIROL, V.—The Far Eastern Question, 8/6 ....Macmillax

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Foreign Office List, 1896, 6/- .....Harrison

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STEPNIAK.—Underground Russia, cheaper edition, 3/6 Smith & Elder

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New books, in order of demand, as sold between February 15th and March 15th, 1896:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Life of Cardinal Manning, by Purcell. 2 vols. 30s. net.
2. Gibbon's Roman Empire, ed. Bury. Vol. 1. 6s.
3. Merriman's The Sowers. 6s.
4. Doyle's (C.) Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. 6s.
5. Moulton's Literary Study of the Bible. 10s. 6d.
6. Daniells' London City Churches. 6s.

Trade quiet—it always is in Lent. Trilby is falling off. Sorrows of Satan still going, Jude also strong.

LONDON, E.C.

1. Mortimer's Seven Words from the Cross. 5s. (Longman)
2. Froude, The Council of Trent. 12s. 6d. (Longman.)
3. Birrell, Obiter Dicta, 2nd Series. 2s. 6d. (Stock.)
4. Lent Manuals. Various.
5. Maturin's Counsels. 4s. 6d. (Longman.)
6. Nansen, Across Greenland. 3s. 6d. (Longman.)

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Life of Cardinal Manning. 2 vols.
2. Slatin Pasha, Fire and Sword in the Sudan.
3. Froude, Council of Trent.
4. Merriman, The Sowers.
5. Burnett, A Lady of Quality.
6. Dixon, A Primer of Tennyson.

GLASGOW.

1. Adeline Countess Schimmelmann, Glimpses of My Life at the German Court and in Prison, etc. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. For His Sake, Letters of Elsie Marshall, martyred at Hwa-sang, August, 1895. Illustrated and Portrait. 2s. (Tract Society.)
3. St. Mark. By Professor Ezra Gould, Philadelphia. 10s. 6d. (T. & T Clark.)
4. Eden Lost and Won. By Sir J. W. Dawson. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. The Upper Room. By Rev. John Watson. 1s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
6. A Plea for a Simpler Life. By George S. Keith, LL.D. 2s. 6d. (A. & C. Black.)

YORK.

1. Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. 6s.
2. England's Darling. By Alfred Austin. 6s.
3. History of Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Saintsbury. 7s. 6d.
4. Within the Maze. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 2s.
5. Chandos Classics. Various. 2s. New binding.
6. The Use of Life. By Sir John Lubbock. 1s. 6d.

BURNLEY.

1. Mather's Lancashire Idylls. 6s. (Warne.)
2. Shuttle of Fate. By Caroline Masters. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)
3. Calculations in Cotton Weaving. By James Holmes. 2s. 6d. net. (Lupton Bros., Burnley)
4. From Coal Pit to Pulpit, being Anecdotes, etc., from Life of Peter Mackenzie. 1s. (Robinson, Leeds.)
5. Peloubet's Notes of Lessons for 1896. 5s.
6. John Halifax, Gentleman. By Mrs. Craik. 3s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett)

BRADFORD.

1. Martineau, Hours of Thought. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each. (Longmans.)
2. Modern Reader's Bible. Proverbs. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
3. Birrell, Obiter Dicta. 2nd Series. 2s. 6d. (Stock.)
4. Arnold's (Matthew) Essays in Criticism. 2nd Series. 5s. (Macmillan.)
5. Gibbon's Roman Empire. Vol. 1. 6s. (Methuen.)
6. Borrow's Lavengro. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

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6. Cowan's Landmarks of Church History, and other vols of the Ch. of S. Guild Library, net. 1s. 6d. (A. & C. Black.)

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1. Dr. Gilbert's Irish Parliament House. 10s. 6d. (Hodges, Figgis & Co.)
2. Slatin Pacha's Fire and Sword in the Sudan. 21s. net. (Arnold.)
3. Bury's Gibbon. Vol. 1. 6s. (Methuen)
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6. King's Swift in Ireland. 2s.

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3. Outlines of Dogmatic Theology. By Rev. S. J. Hunter. Vol. 3. 6s. 6d. (Longman.)
4. With an Ambulance in the Franco-German War. By Dr. Ryan. 9s. (Murray.)
5. Life of Cardinal Manning. By E. S. Purcell. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)
6. Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

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TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

A great run on first editions of the works of R. L. Stevenson and Thomas Hardy. Trade generally very good indeed.

BATH.

Very quiet here as usual during Lent. Why is it trade is affected by Lent? If folks go to church more, they can read more all the same.

BURNLEY.

Business done more freely, sets of books going well. Remainders also going better than usual.

DERBY.

Business shows a profitable increase on corresponding period of 1895, in second-hand department, and export trade is fairly brisk. Steady sale for good topography, theology, archæology, and travel. Monthly catalogue producing fair amount of continental orders.

LIVERPOOL (1).

A general improvement, the lead being taken by the better class of fiction. Especially is this the case with the two books by Ian Maclaren, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush and Auld Lang Syne.

LIVERPOOL (2).

Business last month very quiet.

SCARBOROUGH.

Book trade quiet. Books now selling, Crockett's Cleg Kelly, Sweetheart Travellers, Probable Sons, Austin's In Veronica's Garden, Dr. J. Miller's works, Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard.

YORK.

Compared with corresponding month last year, trade in some quarters has been slightly slacker. The Free Library having now been in existence for about three years, its influence has not improved business in some departments of literature.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, Dumfries.

Lennox's Road Guide, 2s.
Burton's History of Scotland, vol. 1.
Macaulay's History of England, vol. 8, 6s.
Balfour's Philosophic Doubt.
Hogg's Life of Dr. Wightman.
Douglas, or Field of Otterburne.
Galloway Gossip, by Saxon.
Lennox's Road Guide (Scotland).
Recreations of a Country Parson (Illustrated Edition de Luxe).
Peter Ibbetson, by Du Maurier.
Austin's (Alfred) Garden that I Love.
Cosmo Innes' Early Scottish History.
Alexander (Mrs.), The Freers (1 vol. edition).
Brabourne's Stories told to my Children.
Austin's England's Darling.
McDiarmid's Picture of Dumfries.

J. E. ARNETT, The Library, Tenby.

Red Dragon, March and September, 1885.
Robbins' Keep my Secret.
Fishguard Invasion, anything on, but Fisher Unwin's book.
Ditto, any prints relating to.
Propert's Plan of County of Pembroke.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, Taunton.

Eyes and No Eyes, Taunton, 1867.
Hall's Gems of Modern Art and Artists, 1838.
Collinson's Somerset, 3 vols.

BRIGDEN & CO., Gloucester.

Pope's Poetical Works, Life by Carruthers, 54 woodcuts, 4 vols., Cooke, 1853.
Times Atlas.
Men of the Reign, Routledge.
Indexes Illustrated London News, January to June, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1890, 1892, 1894; July to December, 1878, 1881, 1885, 1887, 1890, 1892, 1894.
Illustrated London News, 1892, Feb. 6, March 2, Dec. 10, 17, 24, 31; 1884, Feb. 15; 1881, June 4; 1878, Nov. 30, Dec 7; 1890, Jan. 25, Feb. 29, March 15, 22, May 10, June 28, Oct. 18, Dec. 20, 27.
Graphic, 1882, Aug. 5, 12.
Cassell's Family Magazine, July, Aug., 1887; Jan., Feb., 1888; Sept., 1892.
Magazine of Art, vol. 7, 1883, pp. 76-83.
Ellicott's Destiny of the Creature, Parker or Longmans.

P. CARROTTE, Swinton, Manchester.

Homilist, vol. 10.
Expositor, 5th series.
Dictionary of National Biography, vols. from 13 to 43.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, High Street, Hereford.

Life of Warren James, 1831.
" John Parry, 1754.
Forest of Dean Laws, by Wood, 1878.
Buck, Views of Newport (Mon.) Castle, 1732.
Strange (J.), Roman Antiquities in Mon, 1775.
Tillemont, Eccles Histoire.
Blacker, Art of Flymaking.
Gage (J.), Benedictionale S. Æthelwoldi, 1832.
True, Anti-Pamela, 2 vols, 1770.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

La Pucelle, Voltaire.
Le Temple de Guide.
Les Baisers.
Contes de Fontaine, 2 vols.
Problem in Modern Ethics.
Sappho, a Study.
Delolme on the Flagellants.
Lady Jackson's Works.
American Views and Portraits.
Miss Freer's Works.
Books on the Alps.
Yule's Marco Polo, 2 vols.

E. CRAWSHAW, 25, TOLLINGTON PARK, N.

James Smetham's Essays.
The Microscope, Dallinger's Carpenter.
Artistic Japan, vols. 1 and 2.
Catalogue of Japanese Curios, by Sir J. Trevor Lawrence, Bart.
Japanese Fans, by Mrs. C. M. Salwey.
Any Books on Lancashire.

WM. D'ALBY, 12, HOLTHAM ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

Barclay's Ship of Fools, published by Paterson, Edinburgh, 1874, 2 vols, cheap.

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" Lavengro and Zincali.
Hallam's Literary History, vol. 2, 8vo, cloth, 1873.
Jesse's Gleanings, 1st and 2nd series, cloth.

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Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard, 1st ed.
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Saturday Review, vols. 1, 2, 3, 4.

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Trapp's Commentary on Old and New Testament, or Old only.
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The London Encyclopædia, vol. 4, 1839.

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Neale's Unseen World.
Our Children's Story, by One of the Gossips (Longman, 1870).

W. H. SMITH, PUBLIC LIBRARY, DEWSBURY.

Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning, 1st ed.
Times, unbound, 1890-91.
Pamphlets, printed or published in, or that refer to Dewsbury.

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Kaye's War in Afghanistan, vol. 1 (Bentley), 1851.

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English Cause Célèbres; or, Reports of Remarkable Trials, ed. by G. L. Craik, pub. by Charles Knight.
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